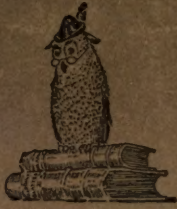


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PROFESSOR
KNATSCHKE
By HANSI




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PROFESSOR KNATSCHKE



Prof. Dr. Kuntzsch

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PROFESSOR KNATSCHKE

SELECTED WORKS OF THE
GREAT GERMAN SCHOLAR
AND OF HIS DAUGHTER ELSA



Germany
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COLLECTED AND ILLUSTRATED BY
HANSI

AND FAITHFULLY TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH BY
PROF. R. L. CREWE, PH.D.

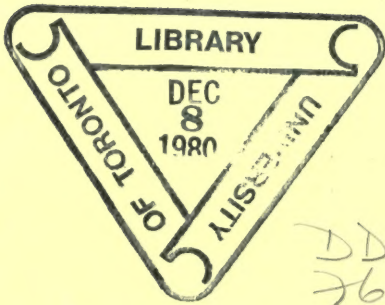
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
ABBÉ E. WETTERLÉ

LATE DEPUTY OF ALSACE IN THE REICHSTAG

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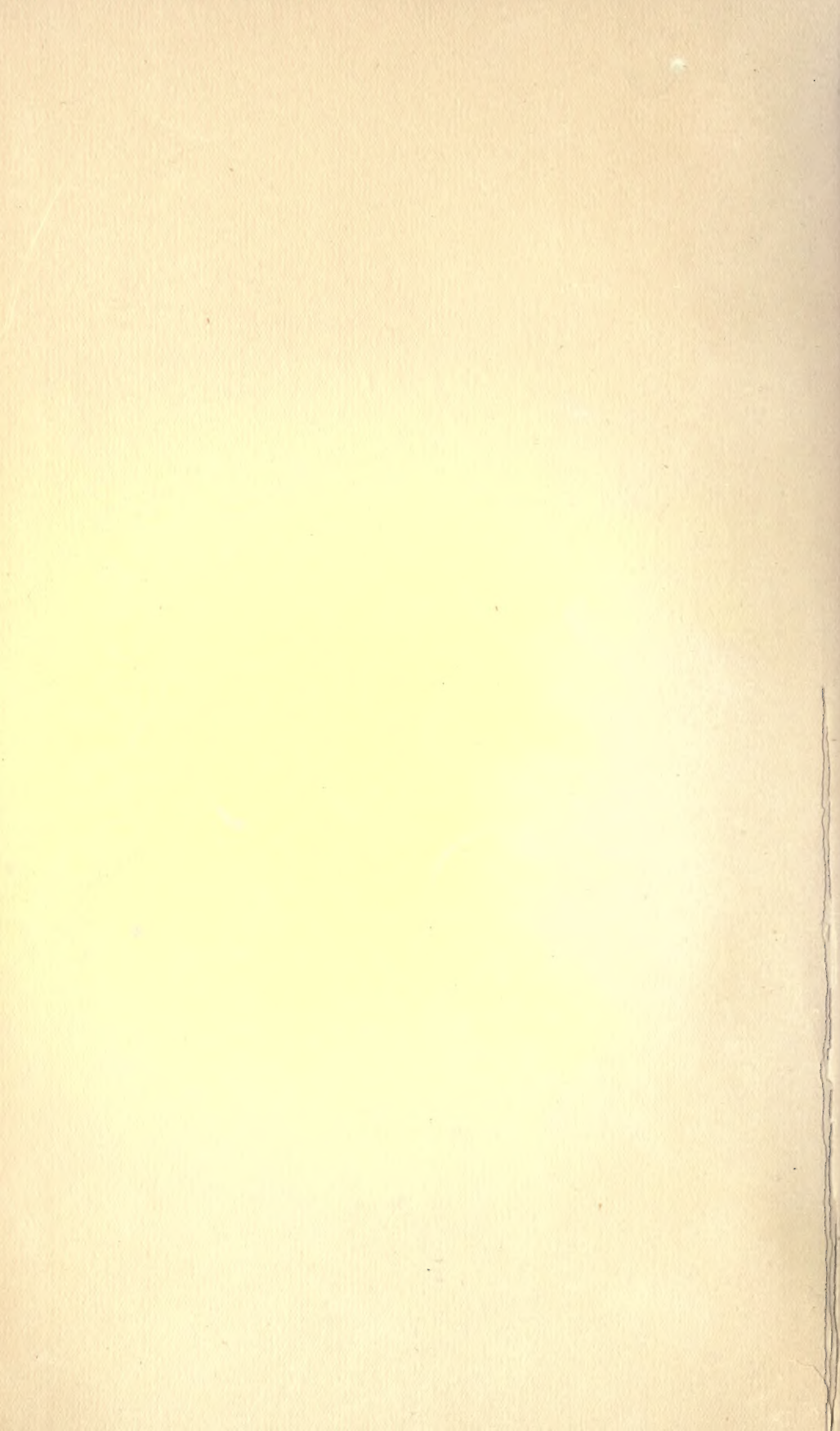




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HANSI BY
ABBÈ E. WETTERLÉ



HANSI

HANSI is well known and well beloved by all the children of France and Alsace-Lorraine. For "Uncle" Hansi knows how to speak to them, and has taught them a great deal, while amusing them, through the artistic coloured sketches of his "Histoire d'Alsace." It is a history of Hansi's own country, and a masterpiece of humour. Another book on Alsace, "Mon Village," with its alternately droll and pathetic pages, may be said to be full of laughter and tears. As for the coloured plates that illustrate the letterpress, they fetch high prices among connoisseurs.

Few artists have so quickly risen to fame. This is because Hansi has devoted his genius as an artist and a writer to the service of his patriotic ideal.

Born in Colmar, in Alsace, in 1873, Hansi went to school in the Lycée of his native town after the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine to the German Empire, and the main thing he learnt from his German teachers was a thorough hatred for Germanism, as embodied in the stupid vanity and overbearing manners of these insufferable pedants. Tasks and punishments were passively accepted by the Alsatian child, whose observing mind, naturally gifted for irony, never forgot the grotesque figures of his teachers. Growing tired of history and philology, he took up the study of commercial art, then of the fine arts properly so-called, and very soon became known as a landscape painter.

His true vocation was found when he wrote "Professor Knatschke." This book, indeed, was a revelation. Never had the Germans been so wittily ridiculed. Hansi as a humorist avoids excess in caricature. He watches his model, studies him carefully, and with a sure eye discovers and

HANSI

brings out his most comic aspects and gestures. The same scrupulous conscientiousness appears in the text, which in most cases, if we look at it closely, is a mere mosaic of quotations from the *Pan-Germanic Press*. This amusing little book might bear as a sub-title: "The Germans depicted by themselves."

"Professor Knatschke" met with an immense success. Even the Germans condescended to read it and laugh, so true were the portraits of Hansi's heroes. The Colmar artist again displayed his great gifts for political satire in his "Images d'Alsace" and his "Hoh-Königsburg," two albums in which the letterpress is as humorous as the drawings are clever.

As Hansi by now was exerting a powerful action in Alsace-Lorraine and in France, the Prussian Government became alarmed. The German courts obligingly punished the artist with fines and imprisonment; but these trials, which created a sensation, only served to increase Hansi's popularity.

As he sat one day at a table in a café in Colmar, Hansi observed a group of young German officers at a neighbouring table, whose overbearing manners reminded one of the all too famous Lieutenant von Forstner, of Saverne (Zabern). When these noisy, insolent youths left the room, Hansi burnt some sugar on a saucer and proceeded to fumigate the chairs which had just been vacated. This pleasantry led to new prosecutions against the artist, whom the attorney of the Leipzig tribunal charged with no less a crime than high treason.

In this grotesque trial, Hansi was ably defended by M. P. A. Helmer, a famous Alsatian lawyer, but, in spite of his biting eloquence, and against every rule of equity, the Colmar artist was sentenced by the Imperial tribunal to fifteen months' imprisonment.

He was, however, allowed a few days in which to return home to Colmar and put his affairs in order. On arriving at the station, Hansi stepped off the train with M. Helmer under the watchful eyes of detectives specially detailed to follow him. In the tramway which was taking him to his

HANSI

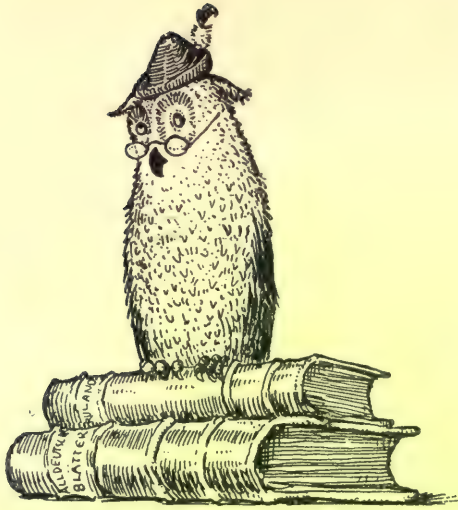
home, a friend handed him a railway ticket for the Swiss frontier. Hansi at once returned to the station, without saying good-bye to his aged father, and took the first train for Basle. Alighting at Saint-Louis, he crossed the frontier on foot.

Thus, a few days only before the declaration of war, he gave the slip to his persecutors and came to France. He enlisted in the very first days of the war. He was for fifteen months at the Front, where he did his duty valiantly in the ranks of the Armies of the Republic. To-day Sub-Lieutenant Hansi is attached to an important service in the rear, where he fills a position fitted to his talent.

Nobody in Paris now knows the artist by his real name, Jean-Jacques Waltz. But, whenever he is on leave in the French capital, as soon as this clean-shaven, rosy-cheeked French officer, with his tall, strong, slightly stooping figure, appears on the Boulevards, the children as well as grown-up people recognise him and greet him with affectionate smiles: "There is Hansi!"

ABBÉ E. WETTERLÉ,
Late Deputy of Alsace in the Reichstag.

**FOREWORD. PROF. DR.
WILHELM SIEGFRIED
KNATSCHKE-KÖNIGSBERG**



AMONG all the learned men who of late years have dealt with the Problem of German and French Culture, Professor Knatschke-Königsberg stands out in a prominent place. His writings on Paris, on the Culture question in Alsace, and so forth, indited with such deep learning, such clear insight, and a manly courage that is so truly German, have justifiably created a sensation throughout Alsace. The Alsatians are proud of the great interest vouchsafed to them by the illustrious German scholar, who, as he himself says, “had clung from his childhood to the dream of the reunion of Alsace with all the fibres of his heart.”

A short biographical notice will be welcomed by all his “reconquered brothers.”

Dr. Wilhelm Siegfried Knatschke was born in Tilsit-on-the-Memel, the son of Herring-Export-

FOREWORD

Firm-Owner and Eminent-Tradesman Knatschke and of his wife Erika, *née* Knütschky. He attended the local gymnasium, and, when only in the Sixth Form, devoted an historical paper to the demonstration that the boundaries of the German empire ought to be set much farther in the west, since, on historical and legal grounds, the County of Mömpelgard (now corruptly called Montbéliard) and Virten (now called Verdun) truly belonged to Germany. Then he studied philology and the French language in Königsberg (Eastern Prussia), in which subjects he became an accomplished scholar. Extreme short sight unfortunately prevented Professor Dr. Knatschke from taking part in the glorious campaign of 1870; but he kindled the hearts of German manhood and incited it to ever new exploits by patriotic poems which appeared in the *Königsberger Zeitung*. After that, he devoted all his attention in his writings to the development of Germanism in the reconquered land of Alsace, and, two years ago, on the occasion of a Philological Congress, he even came in person on a two-day tour to the Vosges, travelling through Alsace, where he learnt all about that country and its people. Last year, an excursion of the "German Castle-Visiting Club" once more brought him for one day and one night to the Empire Lands, and on this occasion he made a closer acquaintance with some true Old-Alsatians, mainly gendarmes and commissaries of police, as well as with the Alsatian wine, so that he may now undoubtedly

FOREWORD

be considered as one of the leading authorities on the conditions of life in our country.

Our Alsatian readers will be especially grateful to us for the highly artistic full-length portrait in the frontispiece, which will bring the German Scholar nearer to their mind's eye. Tall, with clear eyes sparkling behind golden spectacles, his truly Germanic features framed in a blonde, full beard, there he stands, the very picture of a genuine German giant. His whole being seems proudly to proclaim *Civis Germanus sum!* He is represented in his own familiar home. The piano is adorned with stucco busts of the two princes of our poetry, and with a Presentation Cup; some energetic mottoes hang on the walls, as well as a portrait of the Iron Chancellor, and several artistic prints with inspiring figures in the foreground. Behind him stands the green table on which he may full well have composed those articles of his, so replete with the knowledge of his subject. The whole picture is a speaking image of German Strength and German Loyalty.

A graceful apparition in the realm of modern German literature is Fräulein Elsa Knatschke, Prof. Dr. Knatschke's youngest daughter, and we cannot refrain from imparting to our readers some pages from her "Diary," brimming over with German-maidenly poetry. These will more particularly appeal to the hearts of "the reconquered sisters." Yet they will find shelter behind her father's powerful writings, as the sweet goose-

FOREWORD

floweret¹ grows by the mighty trunk of the Germanic oak.

We begin with the *Parisian Letter*, which Prof. Dr. Knatschke wrote to us on his return from the French capital. Its deep understanding of French life and manners, its open, courageous criticism of French conditions, is better calculated than anything else definitely to convince those Alsatians, who still swarm to Paris, of the colossal superiority of Berlin.

HANSL.

¹ *Gänseblümchen*, more commonly known as the daisy.

PARISIAN LETTER



KÖNIGSBERG, May 1907.

MY DEAR HANSI !

YIELDING to your oft-repeated advice, I at last made up my mind this year to take my holiday-trip, with "Rechnungsrat" Lempke, to the Babylon by the Seine—namely, Paris. You will expect from me an account of my impressions of this journey; but I must first of all state that we have both returned very much disappointed, and that the reputation which Paris enjoys—even, alas! among a great many Germans—as a world-city is, to say the least, a gross exaggeration.

We arrived at twelve noon in the City by the Seine, and we were lucky enough to discover, close by the main railway station (in French, Gare de l'Est; pronounce *Kardläst*), the very restaurant which had been recommended to us by our Tax-Collector, who came here for the Exhibition in 1900. This restaurant is called Duval, and the host is a certain Bouillon (pronounce *Bujong*—perhaps a descendant of Godfrey de Bouillon?). We walked



PARISIAN LETTER

in. The room was crowded and we found seats at a small table, where a Frenchman was already seated. While he ate, he was intently reading a newspaper, and a microscopic bottle of wine stood in front of him. I introduced myself in French,



saying "*Mon nom est Knatschke.*" Lempke did likewise, and, in order to impress me with his knowledge of French, he added with a courteous bow "*Conseiller de Calcul.*" We might have expected the Frenchman to return our polite-

ness; but there we made a great mistake. He hardly gave us a nod, and quietly went on reading his paper. So much, then, for the far-famed French politeness! Well, I don't think!

The waitress brought the bill of fare. These waitresses differ from the ordinary Parisian ladies by their dark, solemn look and their quiet demeanour. I am sure I am not much mistaken when I take them for expelled nuns, or Sisters of Mercy, compelled now, in modern France, to earn their living in this manner. But let us return to the bill of fare. It contains such a colossal number of dishes that it is indeed difficult for foreigners to

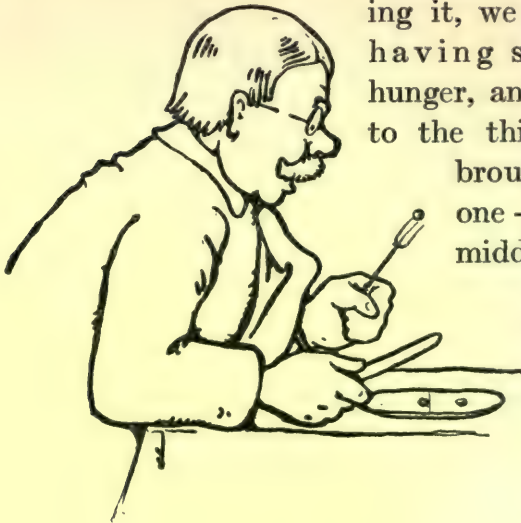
PARISIAN LETTER

make a choice. Therefore I simply pointed to the first item on the menu. The waitress then brought us three diminutive olives, the main part of which was the stone, with an even smaller pat of butter. It goes without saying that we soon dispatched this ridiculous doll's dinner, and I pointed to the second dish. She thereupon brought us one

small sardine! After eating it, we were far from having satisfied our hunger, and, as I pointed to the third course, she

brought us about one-eighth of a middle-sized her-

ring! Now we had had about enough of this Lilliputian meal, so the Rechnungsrat made up his mind to indi-



cate the course which our neighbour the newspaper reader was eating. It was a small piece of veal. The serving-lady understood, said "Essgalopp," and brought us what we wanted. It is not without reason that the French call such a tiny bit of veal "Essgalopp"¹—it disappeared

¹ Derivation: "essen," to eat, and "galopp," at a gallop.—KNATSCHKE.

PARISIAN LETTER

in no time, for in comparison with a portion of veal such as they serve at our Löwenbräu, it stood much in the same relation as our Schlossberg (Castle Hill) does to Mount Everest! Meanwhile, our neighbour had finished his meal, and, as he got up from the table, we greeted him, as well-bred people should, with a friendly *Repas* (which



means *Mahlzeit*). He gave us another little nod, and that was all. Don't talk to me about French politeness any more!

We never got a glimpse of the host, Herr Bouillon, to whom we should have liked to convey greetings from the Tax-Collector in Königsberg. The bill was a very stiff one, considering the wretched little courses. Having settled it, we looked up our route on a plan of the city, and went towards the main sight of Paris, the Louvre (pronounce *Luver*). The Louvre, as every one knows, consists of two parts, which I might call A and B, separated by a

PARISIAN LETTER

street. In part A, everything is for sale,¹ even the bronzes and the very beautiful paintings which are



exhibited on the first floor, done in the manner of our process colour prints; the whole looks like the

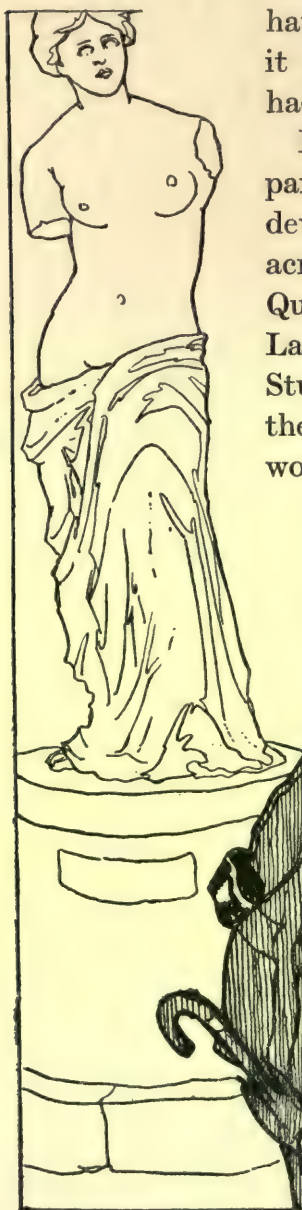
¹ My young friend Oskar Lübke, late Rhodes scholar in Oxford, tells me that a similar institution exists in London, called the Army and Navy Stores. But it is separated from the War Office and the Admiralty, to which it properly belongs, by a number of streets.—KNATSCHKE.

PARISIAN LETTER

Tietz Stores in Berlin, only we missed those tasty rolls, diversely stuffed, which we had so greatly enjoyed in Berlin. In part B you find the French State-Treasure, consisting of the Crown Jewels. They are enclosed in a glass case, over which a high official of the Navy keeps perpetual watch. Our hearts bled as we thought that these jewels had been in our grasp, and that they might either have enriched the Berlin Arsenal with a magnificent trophy, or been sold to increase the might of our German Land by several air-cruisers. Furthermore, you may find there a number of old statues and paintings, brought thither by Napoleon's bands of hooligans from the countries which owned them.

The financial wealth of France does not seem to be of much use to the works of art contained in the Louvre; not one of these old pictures has been retouched, and, from this point of view, this collection cannot stand comparison with the Berlin Gallery, in which every painting has been renovated with such discerning, brilliant taste. As for the greatest masters of modern painting, Böcklin and Hans Thoma, they are not represented here. On the ground floor, in a small room, stands the celebrated Venus of Milo. Every one knows that for many years this masterpiece has been without arms; and it does not seem as if the least attempt had been made to make it complete. Now any German professor of Art History would have discovered in no time what this statue must originally

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have looked like : how wonderful it would look if a Bodo Ehard had undertaken to renovate it !

Having thus finished with that part of our trip which was to be devoted to Art History, we went across the Seine into the Students' Quarter, the so-called Quartier Latin (pronounce *Kartielatäng*). Students are met everywhere in the streets; they look rather a worn-out lot, and usually walk

PARISIAN LETTER

out with student-girls, spending their time in drinking coffee, playing cards, and eagerly reading newspapers. Of the youthful, pious, gay pastimes of our "Burschenschaften" (Students' Clubs) there is no trace! Then, as we wanted to study the life and manners of Paris at their well-spring, we repaired to the so-called Boulevards (pronounce *Bulvarts*). In the first place, however, in order to conform to the Parisian fashion, the Rechnungsrat pur-



chased at Delion the Hatter's (pronounce *Deliong*) the very latest top hat, which truly made him look like a regular Parisian man about town; as for me, I couldn't make up my mind to sacrifice my comfortable and becoming green-tweed hat to this un-German fashion.

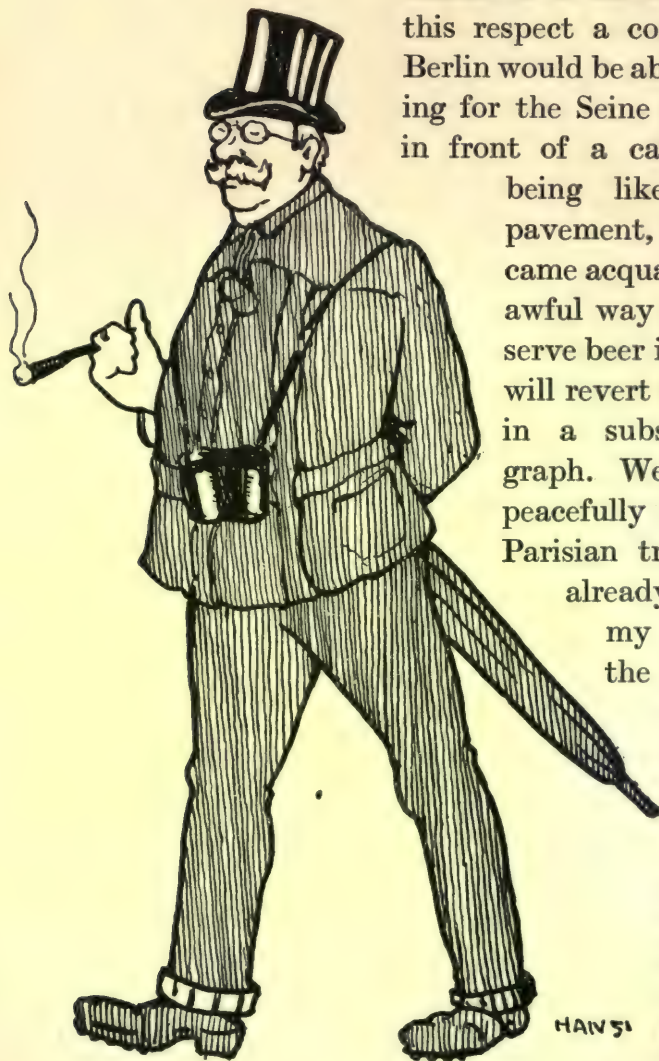
The first impression that the famous Boulevards made on us, and which they must make on every German, was one of a truly fabulous disorder. You find advertising pillars, newspaper stalls, flower shops and public conveniences all in a jumble, one after the other, along the pavement; the people

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may keep to the right or to the left, just as they please; in short, street regulations appear to be unknown to the Parisian, and in this respect a comparison with Berlin would be absolutely crushing for the Seine City. We sat in front of a café, the chairs

being likewise on the pavement, and thus became acquainted with the awful way in which they serve beer in Paris; but I will revert to this subject in a subsequent paragraph. We were now able peacefully to watch the Parisian traffic. I have

already given you my judgment on the French Army after our excursion to Gerardmer, where we met two soldiers. That damning impression was strengthened here in Paris by the sight



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PARISIAN LETTER

of one of those so-called "zouaves": with his red cap on the nape of his neck, his coat open, because all the buttons were missing,¹ and both hands stuck in his breeches pockets, he slouched along the street: an indescribable sight for our eyes accustomed to the smart look of the German army. The Boulevard is crowded with a lot of Camelots (also called Apaches), who for the most part speak German with a perfect accent, in order to create the impression that this dilapidated collection of gentry is composed of foreigners. They sell newspapers and improper picture postcards (I bought a few myself, to show them at our beer table at home as evidence of the profound immorality of the French people). Besides soldiers and apaches, we saw a great many Parisian ladies.



The Parisian lady mostly belongs to the *demi-monde*, and is, according to our standards, small, thin, pale,

¹ I have since been informed by my Young-Turkish friend Bosch-Effendi that the zouaves in this respect conform to the Arabic and Turkish fashion, after which their uniform was designed, which precludes the use of buttons. If that is so, I think it is about time that the Turks should give up this fashion, so shamefully usurped by the French African forces.—
KNATSCHKE.

PARISIAN LETTER

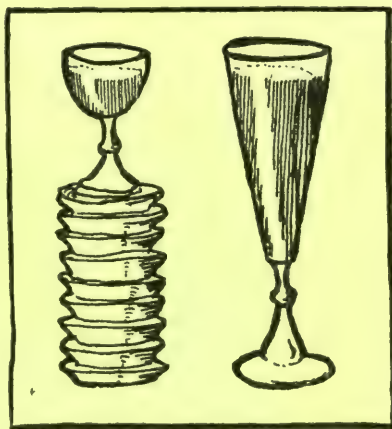
painted and rigged out in a most unpractical fashion. It is easy to see that the Frenchwoman's thoughts, in direct opposition to those of the German matron, all tend towards mere frivolities !



Meanwhile night had come. The Rechnungsrat having bought a book in German, *Paris by Night*, from a Camelot, we decided to entrust ourselves to this guide and to start investigating Parisian life, visiting all the establishments mentioned in the book, following either the alphabetical, or—what was more to our purpose—the numerical order.

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We wanted first to go to the Moulin Rouge (pronounce *Mulängrusch*,) that place of ill-repute; unfortunately, we found it closed. What orgies must have taken place there for the Paris police, of all people, to have felt compelled to shut up the place! The *Mulängrusch* being closed, we went to the so-called *Tabaräng*: It is a dancing hall of the very worst description. Eight ladies were dancing the "Kankan," in a manner most offensive to all moral feelings. . . . When the dancing came to an end, they mingled among the spectators. One came straight down towards us and greeted us in German! They were Viennese girls, who in their short stay in Paris had already sunk to such awful depths!



We visited several other places of amusement, and had presently to acknowledge that the nocturnal life in Paris is very expensive indeed. Here twenty centimes for a programme, there ten centimes for a tip, and again and again the *Rechnungsrat*, who kept the cash, had to change one more five-franc piece! Everywhere we found the same depravity and the same expensive beer! And what beer! It is served in small tulip-shaped glasses that compare with our own tulip-glasses as a lily-



PARISIAN LETTER

of-the-valley to the blossom of the Victoria Regina. And for that paltry, wretched drop of beer the Parisian host charges thirty-two pfennigs! To this you must add eight pfennigs for tip—and, instead of the cordial, faithful “Wohlbekomms” (May it do you good) of the waitress at our beer-table in the Löwenbräu, all the thanks you get from the waiter are a short, hurried shout of *Voilà!*

It goes without saying that we could not stand such beer manners very long. Early the next morning we started on the way home. At the frontier, the Rechnungsrat bought some German newspapers and eagerly scanned the latest news about the Krupp scandal and the fullest particulars of Liebknecht's revelations in the Reichstag. As for me, I lit my cigar, and I remain, in the comforting feeling of one belonging to a strong, sound nation, averse to all decadence and perversity,

Yours faithfully,

PROF. KNATSCHKE.



THE GERMANS IN PARIS
A BRIEF POSTSCRIPT TO
THE PARISIAN LETTER



FLUCTUAT·NEC·MERCITUR

HANSI



Motto: The hundred thousand German tourists in Paris must freely speak their mother-tongue in the hotels as well as in the shops.—*Der Tag*, Berlin.

BY Wotan! I myself—Prof. Dr. Knatschke-Königsberg—had not thought of this during my recent trip to Paris! I have just found the above brave, true-German words, in a magnificent article from the pen of that true German, Karl-Eugen Schmitt-Paris, entitled, “The German Language in Paris”(see *Der Tag*, of Berlin, or the *Echo*, No. 1310). The author rightly advises all German tourists in Paris to leave their proverbial “German modesty and German politeness” at home, and to make use solely of their beautiful mother-tongue. Here at last is a thought expressed with the purest German manly courage! How soon the Parisians will get accustomed to this, and how eagerly they will learn our language, in their own interest, of course, since the men, and more particularly the women of Paris, know quite well that the

THE GERMANS IN PARIS

pocket of the green-tweed trousers of the German contains a well-filled purse, which he generally brings out with Germanic prodigality! Let one but think of all the good money which he yearly spends in Paris on picture postcards (transparent or opaque), souvenir letter-weights, celluloid collars, and so forth!

However, it will not always be easy to make oneself understood. True, the use of the German language will not give rise to any difficulties in purchasing picture postcards or in ordering some beer. But, as the German must not in any case borrow so much as one word from the language of the Welsches,¹ it is imperative that we should translate into our own mother-tongue the many names of the streets, squares, etc., of the French capital—and that is where I find a weak point in the great Schmittian thought.

With a little Guide to Paris in my hand, I am now going to attempt to show how we can proceed to translate the names of the streets of Paris.

In the first place, there is the word Boulevard. But Boulevard is nothing else but the good old German word *Bollwerk* (*Bulwark*), which the Welsches stole from us, together with many other things. (Etymology: *Bollwerk*, *Bollewart*, *Boulevard*.) Knowing this, the German will not for one moment

¹ *Welsch* (from *Gallicus*)=French, in a pejorative sense. Greatly superior to the French word *Boche* applied to us, which can boast of no derivation.—KNATSCHKE.

THE GERMANS IN PARIS

hesitate, even in Paris, to make use of the pure German original form of this word.

Let us start from the Opera. We have on our right hand the Boulevard des Capucines, which we will call the Kapuziner-Bollwerk (Capuchins' Bulwark); on our left we find, in succession, the Italiener-Bollwerk (Italians' Bulwark, Boulevard des Italiens), the Marderberg-Bollwerk (Mount-Weasel Bulwark, Boulevard Montmartre), the Fischreiche-Bollwerk (Fishy Bulwark, Boulevard Poissonnière), and lastly the Gute-Nachrichten-Bollwerk (Good-News Bulwark, Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle). Proceeding straight in front, we come to the St. Dyonisius-Bollwerk (Boulevard St.-Denis) and St. Martin's-Bollwerk (Boulevard St. Martin). But we can also take a trip—most interesting if we go there at night—to the Latin Quarter, which we reach by the Michelsbrücke (Michael's Bridge, Pont St. Michel) over the Seine¹—to the left, a fine view is obtained of Unsere Liebe Frau (Our Lady, Notre-Dame). Turning to the right from the Michels-Bollwerk, we come to the Boulevard St. Germain. Few Germans, nay, few French people can pronounce this name properly: it should be pronounced *Bullvart Sängschermäng*. But we shall bestow upon it the name of St. Germanus-Bollwerk, or, shortly, Germanic or German Bollwerk. On this

¹ Another bridge leading across the Seine has a name which is not only offensive, but even constitutes a challenge to the "hundred thousand German tourists"—we mean the Jena-brücke (Pont d'Iéna). For us, of course, its name will be Sedanbrücke.—KN.

THE GERMANS IN PARIS

Bollwerk stands the Church of St. Germanus-auf-den-Wiesen.¹

Returning to the Grand Opera, let us turn to the right, along the Kapuziner-Bollwerk and the Magdalenen-Bollwerk : we thus arrive at the Eintrachtsplatz (Concord Square, Place de la Concorde). Thence—a pretty view to the left on the Ziegeleien (the Tile-Factories, or Tuileries)—we walk straight up the Elysäische Gefilde (Elysian Fields, Champs-Elysées) to the Sternenplatz (Star Square, Place de l’Etoile), and beyond to the Bois de Boulogne, or Bolonesisches-Holz (very fine shady forest paths, but, owing to the abundant and disorderly wheeled traffic, shortsighted visitors are warned to be cautious. Bring your luncheon with you). Another very interesting tour can be made to the Marderberg (Mount-Weasel, Montmartre). Starting from the Gute-Neuigkeits-Bollwerk (Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle), we take to the right the Marderberg-Vorstadtstrasse (Mount-Weasel-Suburb-Street, Rue du Faubourg-Montmartre)—rather steep—then the Brunnenstrasse (Fountain Street, Rue Fontaine), as far as the Weisser-Platz (White Square, Place Blanche). Up here we come, indeed, across a few names, such as Clichy, Rochechouart, which are difficult to translate. We shall simply have to substitute German names for the French, as we have done for the French names of localities in

¹ St. German-in-the-Meadows (St. Germain-des-Prés), not to be mistaken with St. Germanus-in-der-Milch (St. Germain-en-Laye).

THE GERMANS IN PARIS

Alsace (for instance, Schnierlach for Lapoutroie), and the Parisians will have to get used to them likewise.

Among the sights, one might mention the Eiffelturm (Eiffel Tower), the Leichenhaus (Corpses' House, Morgue)—very interesting, no tips—the Angewöhnungsgarten (Acclimatizing Garden, Jardin d'Acclimatation), and sundry theatres, of which the most noteworthy are the Rote Mühle (Red Mill)—don't forget to take your latchkey with you—the Grille (the Cricket, la Cigale) the Schäferische - Verrücktheiten (the Shepherdess's Follies, Folies-Bergère)—expensive, but good. As for the places of amusement, I might be content to mention only those which stage the specifically Parisian, thoroughly immoral plays, which are so revolting to us Germans. These are the Palais Royal, or Kgl. Schlosstheater; the Zweideutige Theater (Ambigu) and the Vaudeville, which can best be germanised as the Stadtkalbtheater (the City-Calf's Theatre).

Now it rests with the Germans who travel to Paris to see to it that the Schmittian thought, as developed by me, should receive its application, to the great benefit of true Germanism, and not a whit less to the advantage of the Parisians themselves. For wherever the German tongue and German ways are introduced—let us but think of our colonies!—it is obvious that the use of the German language introduces a distinct elevation in manners and morality.

THE GERMAN IN PARIS

Let but our idea be realised, and the Babylon by the Seine will presently cease to deserve its name, and, from the moral point of view, will begin to approach the unique position which is now held by Berlin.

PROF. DR. W. S. KNATSCHKE-KÖNIGSBERG.



THE INTERPRETER POLICEMAN

THE NEW SPIRIT IN FRANCE

(This valuable contribution to the psychology of the French nation was written by Professor Knatschke two years before the war. It will be found to bear some traces of the preoccupations which filled all true Prussian patriots as early as 1912.—TRANSLATOR.)



KÖNIGSBERG, July 20, 1912.

A GREAT deal has lately been heard in Germany concerning that New Spirit, that moral *Renässangs* (Renaissance) which is alleged to have recently arisen in France.

At our beer-table, the other day, as the Financial-Supervisor was mentioning the new moral birth whereby this effete nation, already gripped in the clutches of death, is supposed to have been given a new lease of strength and life, noisily venting its military ardour in parades and torchlight processions, I felt that I must once more leave Germany. I wanted to see with my own eyes whether the worn-out, weak, sinful, frivolous Gallic Cock could really become a danger to the powerful German Eagle.

As it chanced, when the sixteenth lot in the last

THE NEW SPIRIT IN FRANCE

Prussian State-lottery, in which I had invested jointly with the Rechnungsrat, had been drawn, we won the second prize, and were the richer by 122 Mk. 33 Pfg. So Rechnungsrat Lempke and I resolved to offer up this sum on the altar of the Fatherland, by devoting it to finding out for ourselves whether any peril was threatening from our Hereditary Enemy. The French National Festival (July 14) seemed to provide just the right opportunity.

Unfortunately, however, the Rechnungsrat's wife, having become acquainted with some inopportune details not included in my last Parisian Letter, had conceived suspicions of her husband's conduct in the Babylon by the Seine, and, her confidence in the Niebelungen-like faithfulness of her spouse being seriously shaken, she categorically demanded to be taken along with us. My wife, too, in spite of the bashful respect, the submissive Gretchen-feelings with which she regards me, her lord and master, asked likewise to come with us. We had no alternative, therefore, this time, but to take our wedded halves¹ with us to Paris; but that hardened old bachelor the Financial-Supervisor didn't fail to crack rotten jokes about it at our beer-table. He made a rather ungallant comparison between a German who takes his wife with him to Paris and a traveller who enters a magnificent *Restaurang*,

¹ *Ehehälften* : Equivalent in English to "better halves," but apparently the German wife is content to be just a "wedded half."—TRANSLATOR.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN FRANCE

there to eat ten-pfennig-worth of sausage which he has brought along with him.

But to return to our voyage of investigation. My highly interesting observations, made during the military review, I will take the liberty most respectfully to submit, in a fuller report, to our War Minister. To-day I may be content simply to bring out the salient points of this report.

In the first place, then, in spite of the reduced birth rate, the French Army still comprises a large number of soldiers, so that in this respect we in Germany should not entertain any too great illusions. Secondly, the Black Army is not yet represented in Paris. Thirdly, I consider that the flying machines, upon which the French are basing such high hopes, are absolutely harmless weapons, because they altogether lack the most important soldierly qualities: namely, order and discipline. They buzz around and across one another's path in the air without any show of an orderly parade; time and time again we could observe a plain single-decker aeroplane overhauling a double-decker, its undoubted superior in military rank; nor did the monoplane pay any outward marks of respect to the biplane, or keep the proper distance, but just insolently flew on in front. The so-called zouaves, I also noticed, have not yet found time to sew buttons on to their tunics.¹

Now the question arises: How does the New Spirit manifest itself?

¹ See note on this subject, p. 31.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN FRANCE

The New Spirit manifests itself first and foremost in tactless deeds which are doubly painful to "our own innate tact, our consideration for strangers' views, with which we Germans are endowed as fellow-members of a philosophic, meditative race" (see the *Strassburger Post*, July 4, 1912).

For instance, is it not tactless of the French to deposit, once every year, at the foot of the Strasbourg Monument on the Eintrachtsplatz (or Place de la Concorde), a number of wreaths adorned with the offensive tricolour? Has it ever come into our heads in Berlin to erect a statue to the city of Mömpelgard, or Tull, or Mondstadt,¹ and to decorate it on the Kaiser's Birthday? Above all, this riotous display of blue, white and red, all this boastful sporting of the French tricolour—that vertical arrangement of colours is in very bad taste, a point which we have to impress daily on the Alsatians—all this is a piece of insolence directly aimed at the many Germans who, under the English flag, have introduced the German commercial spirit and initiative into Paris, where they sell mouth washes in very tastefully designed bottles, post-cards, American shoes from Berlin, and many other wares. But more of this another time.

We had thought we might try and discover to what extent the New Spirit had influenced French morality. To that end, we had devised a deeply cunning war-ruse during our journey towards Paris. We had thought we would make both our wives

¹ Also corruptly called Montbéliard, Toul, Lunéville.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN FRANCE

walk along by themselves in front of us on the the Grand Boulevard. We took our positions some twenty paces behind them, and, watch in hand, never losing sight of our German wives, we looked out intently to see how long it would be before some saucy Parisian should dare to annoy our wedded halves, perhaps even to invite them to supper in a "Schambreseparee"! So we walked up the great Boulevard. The military torchlight procession, customary on the eve of the National Festival, rolled along in its usual disorderly fashion through the streets, the soldiers mixed with the howling, singing crowd. Working men carried their children on their backs, and the Parisian ladies, bedecked with ribbons, sported sunshades adorned with Chinese lanterns, like some Alsatian gymnastic club walking home from the French frontier. The soldiers could hardly keep in step; no trace of the police anywhere. The whole gave one a most



THE NEW SPIRIT IN FRANCE

loose, unmilitary impression. But no one as yet had addressed our wives.

The Rechnungsrat now drew a highly interesting comparison between this unruly mob and our good-natured, severely disciplined crowds on the Kaiser's Birthday. How careful our police always are, for instance, that in the torchlight procession the military should not be interfered with by civilian interlopers! Never, even in Southern Alsace, would the populace have dared to vent their joy by joining in the crowd and the singing. We gave another look in the direction of our wives. No one had spoken to them yet.

Certainly some young Welsch stripling or other, now and then, did turn round to look at them, and then I was often surprised to hear my name,¹ and was amazed to find that, although this was but my second visit to Paris, I seemed to be fairly well known. But nobody accosted our wives.

As we went on our way, I told the Rechnungsrat what a fine time I had last year on the Kaiser's Birthday at my daughter's home in Alsace, and how, at the great State banquet, all the higher officials, down to the Councillors of the Third Class, inclusive, had drunk patriotic toasts in dry champagne—the rest of them in claret—a useful demonstration in that Welschified country. As for the

¹ I am indebted to my friend and reconquered brother Hansi for the suggestion that my popularity in France in 1912 (when this chapter was written) was owing to his publication in that country of the first Extracts from my Complete Works in 1907.—KNATSCHKE.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN FRANCE

officials of inferior rank, they had demonstrated their loyal feelings to the Fatherland by drinking beer. But, to make a long story short, by the time the night came, the general mood of all ranks and classes was pretty much the same. Amid cheers



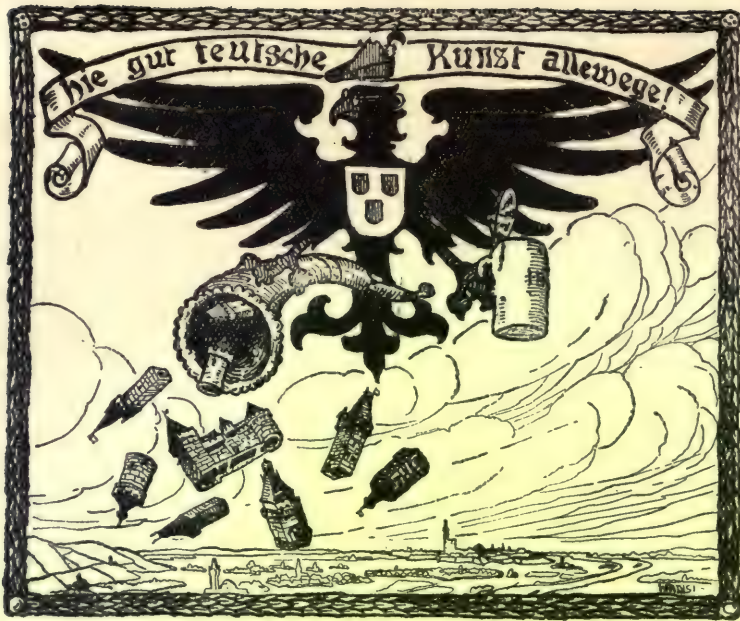
and jokes, we eventually arrived with the populace in the neighbourhood of the Grand Hotel. Then the Rechnungsrat gave me a dig in the ribs. True enough, a young man who rather looked like an Apache had addressed our wives! We rushed up, with German fists clenched ready to teach the

THE NEW SPIRIT IN FRANCE

impudent Frenchman German manners and proprieties. But how shall I describe our amazement when, on coming nearer, we found that the Parisian Apache was not a Frenchman at all, but one of our countrymen, a German? In genuine Saxon dialect, he introduced himself and offered to be our guide, and to show us the way to a cinema.

Our experiment, indeed, had proved that the moral tone of Paris has decidedly risen to a higher level, and that it stands better now than our German writers commonly make out. But whether the French are indebted for this moral elevation to the New Spirit, or to the moralising influences of the many Germans now residing in Paris, is a question which I must leave unsolved.

**THE PROBLEM OF GERMAN
AND FRENCH CULTURE IN
ALSACE IN ITS RELATION-
SHIP TO GERMAN ART**



MUCH has been written lately about Alsace and our reconquered brothers—sometimes from that laughable French-schovininistic point of view of the Mauritius Barräses, the Renatus Bazängs,¹ and other cultural swindlers, sometimes also with deep knowledge and understanding of the land and people. Among the latter class of writers I might make more particular mention of my colleague, Herr Prof. Rein-Jena, who has dealt with the question in a masterly way in *Der Tag* of Berlin.

A second champion of German Kultur is found in the person of the famous Alsatian pastor Hans Spieser. He it is, whose light shines from the

¹ Maurice Barrès, René Bazin.

THE PROBLEM OF GERMAN

depths of the Upper Münster Valley, and whose writings, free from every kind of Culture-Swindle, illumine with a dazzling light the Problem of Culture in Alsace. He it is who, in spite of the crushing responsibilities of his calling, has through his earnest, painstaking efforts discovered the beautiful—one might almost say, avenging—word “Bildungschwindel” (Culture-Swindle), and coined it for all eternity.

Another remarkably exhaustive study, carried out with characteristic German depth and thoroughness, is to be found in the articles of Imperial-Lawyer Dr. Ruland in the *Strassburger Post*.¹ The author, as one can easily see from his work, has never been afraid to hold intercourse with the Alsatian population, so as to become familiar with the inmost secrets of the soul of Alsace. He states what different factors can contribute to Germanisation, enumerating them as follows: (1) the Gendarme, (2) the Vosges Club, (3) German Music.

In this Rulandian theory, the point “German Music” is given the same amount of development as the others. I, however, would rather detach this theme and widen the Concept of Music. In the following pages I shall determine to what extent, and in what proportion, German Art, taken as a whole, has contributed to imbue the Alsations with German Kultur, German manners, and German character.

¹ See *Strassburger Post*, Nos. 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 900 a.m.m. (and many more).

AND FRENCH CULTURE

Every one knows that Art is subdivided into three main parts: (a) Architecture, or the Art of Building; (b) Music, or the Art of Sounds; (c) Painting.¹ This last, German Painting, in spite of the efforts of Prof. Seder, and more particularly



of Stoskopf (whose activities were lately rewarded by the Imperial Government with the Order of the

¹ Compare Mayer's *Conversation-Lexicon*, the German equivalent of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, but, as is generally conceded by those who have read both books, greatly superior to the English work.—KNATSCHKE.

THE PROBLEM OF GERMAN

Red Eagle of the Fourth Class), has made but very slight progress in Alsace.

In no Alsatian picture gallery do we find those profound works of Prof. Thoma or Prof. Defregger,



and the business men of Mulhouse unfortunately will still prefer the inexpressive pictures of innumerable Parisian painters, and pay a lot of money for them, too, although as a rule these merely repre-

sent a little bit of landscape, devoid of any interesting figures in the foreground, and make no sort of appeal to you. How very much cheaper it would be for them to buy a fine coloured print of "The Kaiser's Coronation," by Prof. A. v. Werner, or of "The Sick Dachshund" (see illustration), by



Defregger, or even of "The Island of the Dead," by Böcklin (see illustration), in its appropriate frame, so expressive, and so cheap!

It fares quite differently with Architecture, or the Art of Building. Thanks to the artistic taste of the German authorities in Strasburg, Mulhouse, and Colmar, German architecture has won a real victory in the Alsatian districts; and German architecture has also been deeply and powerfully influenced by the greatest artistic event of the century: namely, the renovation of the Hoh-Königsburg and of its tower. It is well known that

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modern German architecture is characterised by what is called the "Babel Style," or "Tower



Style." Every building, be it a railway station, a school, or a tribunal, is begun by erecting a strong,

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heavy tower. This tower is the Vertical, which catches the eye and proclaims : " Here is a building of the German State."

In this connection we might quote, as typical



instances, the Mulhouse Law Courts, the Post Office in the same city—German Renaissance, or "Bristling Style," like all post offices in Alsace—and, above all, the new Railway Station in Colmar,

THE PROBLEM OF GERMAN

which sings a true pæan to German architecture and deserves, as a model building, to be minutely described.

Strong and mighty rises the proud tower to the



sky, and, the better to ensure its defence, four smaller turrets have been stuck on to it. True, the clock placed in the tower cannot be seen from the railway platforms;¹ but it suffices that these proud tin-

¹ In this form, Prof. Knatschke's remark is not strictly accurate. The clock can be seen from the platform: all you

AND FRENCH CULTURE

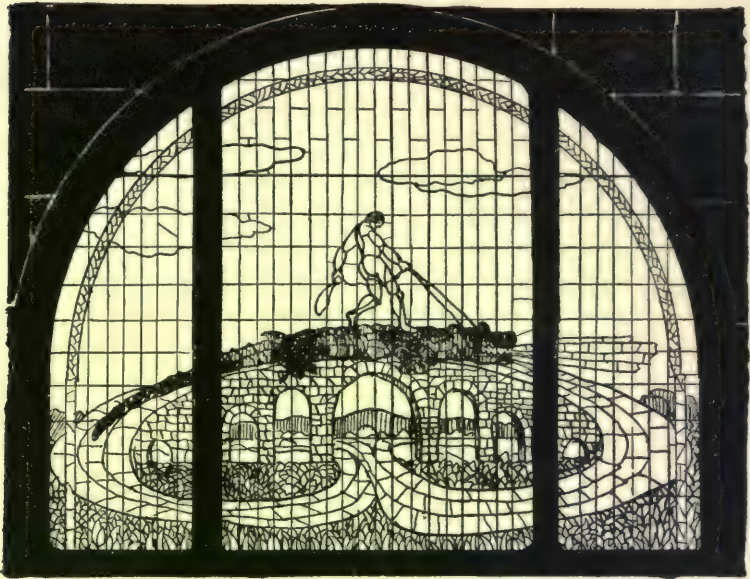
roofs should stand high in the air. All the rest is a minor consideration, and was accordingly dealt with by the architect as though it did not matter.



have to do is to kneel on the edge of Platform No. 3, turning your body towards the east, and to lean forward until your hands touch the rails. In this position, if you turn your head ninety degrees from left to right, and then look upwards, you will distinctly descry a portion of the dial. Of late years, however, the German management of the railway have given the rather lazy population of Southern Alsace a proof of their great solicitude by having clocks placed on the platforms.—HANSI.

THE PROBLEM OF GERMAN

However that may be, we find in the main hall of the station the most charming and the most significant details. You know that French Architecture is content with being beautiful and pleasing the eye. German Architecture is quite different. Discarding every wish to please as so much Welsch frivolity and



Culture-Swindle, it aims at educating us, and compelling us to think. Hence those symbolical stained-glass windows, so full of deep meaning; one of them does not, as one might imagine, represent a man riding a crocodile, or Siegfried with the Dragon, but "Human Strength taming Horse-Power."¹

¹ The other stained-glass window which faces this one is still deeper in meaning, and urges one to more profound meditation; for after six months' hard thinking we have not yet succeeded in making out what it is meant for.—Dr. W. S. KNATSCHKE.

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From this deep Germanic art-principle are also derived those admirably tasteful column capitals which represent railway porters and guards growing out of the branches of the Germanic Oak (see illustrations). Indeed, such a building cannot fail to lead back to healthier ways the spoilt taste of the Alsations, perverted by the affectation and Culture-Swindle of the Welsches, and to convert the natives to sound Germanism.

Let us now come to our third division, Music, or the Art of Sounds. Before 1870, music was little, if at all, cultivated in Alsace. True, there were a few glee-clubs, which they call *Orfeongs*; but they were not fond of German popular songs, and abstained from "Kaiser-Feeds" and "Beer-Soirées."

The French military bands may have played in the town squares, but these were not occasions for the audiences to have drinks. In such conditions there cannot have been any true artistic enjoyment; every German is well aware of that, and the most invaluable service rendered by German Kultur to Alsace is that it has introduced the true German Beer-Concert into that country.

For what does a man get out of Music if he cannot have his pint of München beer and his shoulder of pork at the same time? Unfortunately our reconquered brothers in Alsace do not yet know how to combine physical enjoyment with æsthetic pleasure, and a few pieces of good advice from a true, sound German cannot but be thankfully





“THROUGH BATTLE TO VICTORY”

GERMAN AND FRENCH CULTURE

received by the Alsatians. By way of example, for a Potpourri-of-Drinking-Songs I would suggest *Münich* beer—served in jugs—with “*Matjes*” herrings, while, with a Military-March-Potpourri, the *Fürstenbergerbraü*¹ with “*gendarme*” sausages and some ration brown-bread would not be out of place. Wagner’s music being already rather indi-



gestible by itself, it will be best, while hearing the *Siegfried* March, to stick to light beer with something easy to digest, such as pickled gherkins or horse radish. A Potpourri from “*Cavalleria Rusticana*” or “*Il Trovatore*” of course requires very dark beer with Italian salad.

¹ This, as everyone knows, is the favourite brew of His All-Highest Majesty.—KN.

THE PROBLEM OF GERMAN

To the German military bands and their *Kapellmeisters*, or Staff-Hoboists, belongs the credit of having introduced in Alsace the noblest of all forms of musical enjoyment—I mean the Potpourri.¹ It is true that in France they likewise play Potpourris (also called Selections). But these are few, and are made up of melodies extracted from only one opera at a time. We Germans have widened the Concept of the Potpourri, mixing the Walküren-Motiv with a Viennese Waltz, which in its turn is interrupted by a military bugle-call. In short, it is a pure delight to hear such musical pieces. Among them I should like to give the foremost rank to the Battle-Potpourri entitled “Through Battle to Victory,” in which trumpet calls, the thunder of drums, rockets and Bengal lights are introduced to give us an adequate idea of the heights to which German Art can rise.

Loftily, proudly does this Art radiate over our Alsatian districts. Our Architecture has almost conquered the land, our Painting will presently follow in its steps, and our Music stands unique in its kind. German Art will greatly contribute to free our reconquered brothers from Welsch frivolity,

¹ There unfortunately does not exist a German word to take the place of this foreign term “Potpourri,” and we would like to impress on our Pangermanic Philological Society how urgent is the need to expel this foreign vocable from our Konzert-programmes. How would the expression “German-Salad” do—by analogy with the Italian salad? We might then say “German-Salad of Waltzes, Lohengrin German-Salad,” and so forth.—KNATSCHKE.

AND FRENCH CULTURE

Welsch affectation, and Welsch Culture-Swindle.
Yet we should not expect everything from Art



alone, and so I would not willingly do without that other factor of Germanisation, rightly placed first in the Rulandian theory (see above, page 56), namely, the "Herr Gendarm."

GERMAN AND FRENCH CULTURE

When you have once had the experience of observing how dull and joyless an Alsatian village is on the morning of the Kaiser's Birthday, and how, as soon as the "Herr Gendarm" starts on his beat down the village street, flags and banners are at once displayed on every side, you will agree with me when I state that *he* it is who, in spite of the resplendent sublimity of our Art, contributes most to instil true and pure Germanism into the hearts of the Alsatian Folk.



WORKS OF ELSA KNATSCHKE

**MY JOURNEY TO THE
FRONTIER PROVINCES OF
THE GERMAN EMPIRE
OR, THE ENGAGEMENT UNDER
THE CHRISTMAS-TREE**
*(Extracts from the Diary of
Fräulein Elsa Knatschke)*



KÖNIGSBERG, December 20.

ACH! how I look forward to this trip to the Land of Alsace! And yet I am filled with deep melancholy when I think that tomorrow I am going to leave my dear Königsberg and go out there to Mulhouse-in-Alsace, in those foreign districts, on a visit to my Uncle Max, Aunt Lotte, my dear cousin and friend Hulda, and dear Little Karl, with whom I am to spend Christmas Eve! Once more, for the last time before I pack it, I open my dear Diary, in order to confide to it my impressions. Will the pages that are still white speak, a few days hence, of Him, the Only One, for whom my heart is pining?—

This last evening was the saddest of all, and yet Mother had invited Frau Rechnungsrat Lempke and the Kanzleirat Langanke, and had served an especially grand supper, which I myself had helped

TO THE FRONTIER PROVINCES

to prepare. There were pickled eels with raspberry jam, Königsberg *Klops*, and, for dessert, pickled cucumbers with apple sauce.¹ In honour of my departure Father sent Minna to the brewery to fetch a pint of beer for himself, and one for the Kanzleirat. During supper we talked a great deal about Alsace. The Kanzleirat long ago took part in the Glorious Campaign, and marched through Alsace. He said it was a fine country, where whole mountain-sides are covered with vineyards, and you may pick as many grapes as you like (I do hope Uncle Max will take me to those hills!). Unfortunately, said the Kanzleirat, there also were there some men whom they call *Frangtirörs*, and he often had to fight them—"a cursed lot of fellows," he said they were. But he had pushed them out, and now the country is habitable again.

Father knows Alsace very well, too: first, from the "Konversationslexikon" (Encyclopædia), and, secondly, he was once in Strasburg for a few days.

¹ As I have heard, and also seen for myself in Alsace, that the Alsatian ladies don't know how to make the more substantial as well as the more tasty German dishes, I am convinced that I shall give great joy to many an Alsatian housewife by giving here some of the most important recipes. I will begin with Father's favourite dish, the Königsberg *Klops*.

Take equal parts of veal and pork, a few onions, three or four sardines or lampreys pickled, and some Pomeranian curly cabbage, and chop the whole together. Then line the cooking pan with bacon, put the mince into it, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and let it cook slowly for one hour and three-quarters. Serve rolled up into round balls, the size of your fist, shaped like *Knödel*, with tomato-sauce and Maggi over the whole—a very tasty morsel.



MY JOURNEY TO THE

He warned me always to show myself a true German maiden, particularly in those districts which are still partly under the Welsch influence; because, he said, each of us must, within the limits of our powers, work towards the solution of the great cultural problem, Germanisation. Once the Alsatians learn to treasure the true German womanhood, they will soon forget their infatuation for French tinsel and the Culture-Swindle of the Welsches. I am now alone with my Diary in my little room, and I make a solemn vow to be, in the eyes of the women of Alsace, a true model of the proper German maiden——

My luggage is ready. In a travelling bag, for which I have made a cover embroidered in cross-stitch with the inscription "A Happy Journey," I have packed, nicely wrapped up, the presents for all the dear ones whom I am going to see. First, for Auntie Christine, who is to meet me in Berlin, a charming canvas coffee-pot cosy, with a witty inscription—which I invented all by myself—running all round it. Here it is: "Coffee should be as hot as Hell, as black as the Devil, as sweet as Love." Isn't it precious? For Uncle Max, a sofa bolster, with the inscription "Don't disturb me" in applied embroidery. For Aunt Lotte, a clothes'-press cover, embroidered in open-work, with this expressive verse—

" Blooming in wind and sun,
Then bleached on German grass,
There it lies now well spun,
Pride of the German lass."

FRONTIER PROVINCES

For dear little cousin, a Madeira blouse in needle embroidery, and for my little cousin Karlchen a satchel inscribed "Bread," for him to take his bread-and-butter to school.

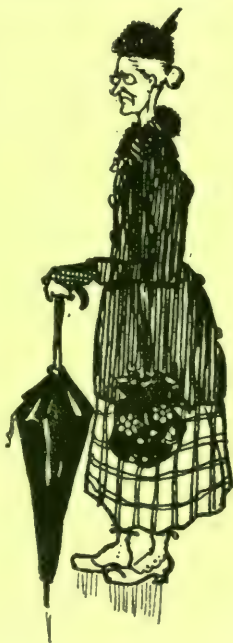
Indeed, I have also secretly prepared another present, a charming cigar-case in wood ornamented with chip-carving and poker-work, and I will take it along with me in case of emergency. Shall I meet him out there, in foreign parts, Him for whom my maidenly heart was yearning while I finished this cigar-case with loving hands ?

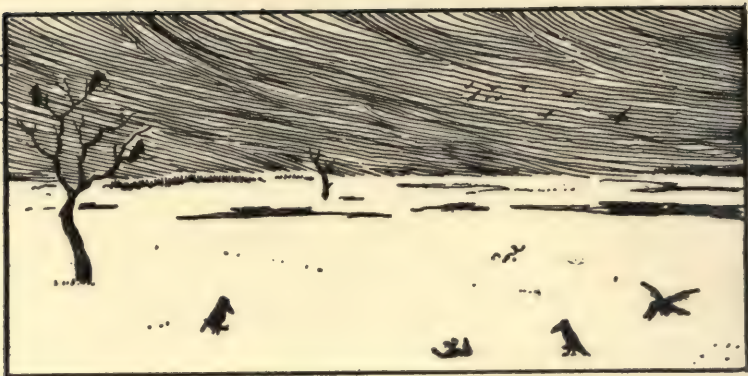
BERLIN, December the 21st.

REALLY I had more romantic ideas about travelling! Father took me to the station; Mother quickly gave me one more box of Marzipan and of Nüremberg gingersnaps for her sister. Father warned me once more always to show myself a true German maiden in Alsace, and gave me a German history book out of his library, which was about the women of ancient Germany, who, as everyone knows, preferred to die rather than yield themselves to the French; he said that I must take an example from them, and Mother told me not to eat the Marzipan on the way, nor to forget to send picture postcards to the Lempkes and to Kanzleirat Kalepke. (They sent us some from Switzerland once, and so we must return the courtesy.) Then they kissed me, and put me into a compartment for Ladies Only. The train started straight off. Every one knows the route from Königsberg to Berlin from the geography book, and for the last eight weeks it has been deep in snow, so that there was nothing very romantic to see. I tried to read, but the book bored me. Then I ate a tiny bit of Marzipan, and slept almost all the way to Berlin. Aunt Christine was at the station all



right. I would have been only too glad to look at the shop-windows, but she took me straight to the tram, which carried us to her home. There she had some coffee ready, and I had to talk to her about the family the whole evening. She asked me whether we had won a prize at the lottery, that I should make such a long journey, and said that in *her* time they wouldn't have allowed a young girl to travel alone, and all sorts of disagreeable things. Then I told her that I had a headache, and went to bed; to-morrow at this time I shall already be in Alsace.





MULHOUSE-IN-ALSACE, December 22.

HERE I am in Alsace at last! This time I have almost too many things to tell, but I must begin at the beginning. Early this morning, then, Aunt Christine took me to the station, and, of course, stowed me away once more in a ladies' compartment. At Weimar, however, I got out, in order to continue my journey at any rate in a Non-Smoking carriage. The farther we travelled towards the south, the less snow there was, and in Alsace there wasn't any at all. Of Strasburg I did not see much, except that French newspapers are already on sale at that station, as well as fruit from the South. Then comes a station called Colmar; there is a wonderful new railway station there, which has been built very open and airy, owing to the southern climate reigning in those parts. A slight mishap had just happened: a railway porter got frozen so hard to the platform that they had to pour hot water over him to get

TO THE FRONTIER PROVINCES

him off. There also I had a travelling adventure at last. A young gentleman in the next compartment, having seen me at the window, very quietly got out and came into my compartment. Indeed, it was rather bold of him, but one gets so bored travelling alone that I wasn't cross with him. He looked very peculiar, with a little black moustache, a dark felt hat, a tie that was not made-up, and no spectacles. I thought at once that he must be a native, that is, an Alsatian. He asked whether "das Fräulein" allowed him to close the window. I immediately understood that he wanted to open a conversation, and really ought not to have answered, because he had not introduced himself. But, since I have come to learn all about the land and people, I answered him. Then he was silent for a while; then he asked whether he might smoke. I said "Yes" once more. Then he drew from one of his pockets a pouch that was full of tobacco; from another pocket he took a tiny little book, from which he tore a small sheet of paper; placing some tobacco on this sheet, he rolled it until he had made a cigarette. I said to myself that the Alsations must be poor people, indeed, if they have to tie their own ties and make their own cigarettes themselves. Then he smoked, and all of a sudden, asked me if I came from far. I told him that I came from Königsberg. Then he said that it must be very cold there. I asked him whether he had ever been there, and he said that he hadn't, but had been on the point of going there last

MY JOURNEY TO THE

August. I asked him why, and he replied that he belonged to the Mulhouse Society for the Prevention



of Cruelty to Animals, which always dispatches a carload of wheat to East Prussia at that time, to

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keep the sparrows there from dying of starvation during the harvest. He pulled a comic face as he said this, and I thought I would ask Uncle Max if that was meant for a joke. Then I asked him whether he knew Uncle Max, and described Uncle to him. He said, "There are so many like him in Alsace that one can't know them all!" Then we entered a station, and the young native said that this was Mulhouse, and very politely helped me to

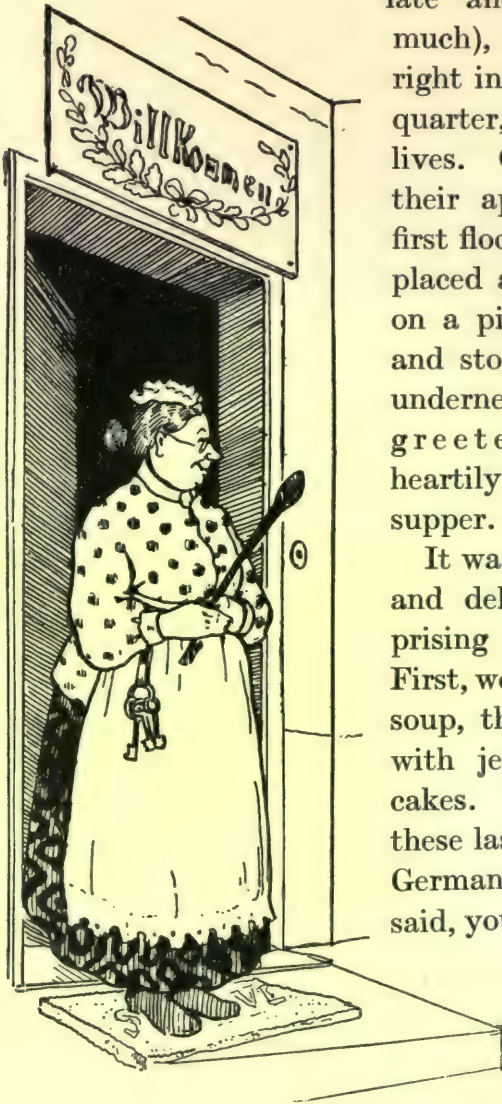


get out of the carriage. At the same time I saw Uncle Max, Hulda, and little Karl coming towards me. They embraced and kissed me, and Hulda particularly was so gushing that it was only after a while that I was able to look at all my relatives. My word, but they have grown fatter since they came to Alsace!

Hulda and little Karl took the luggage. Uncle Max walked in front, and so we marched into the Alsatian city. We first went over a bridge, then

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under arches in the Italian style (only it was getting late and I couldn't see much), and then to the right into the aristocratic quarter, where Uncle Max lives. Over the door of their apartment, on the first floor, Aunt Lotte had placed a sign of welcome on a piece of cardboard, and stood waiting for us underneath it. We first greeted each other heartily, then we went to supper.



It was a very abundant and delicate meal, comprising three courses. First, we had some sausage soup, then preserved eels with jelly, then Aachen cakes. (Auntie had got these last two from North Germany, because, she said, you cannot find good

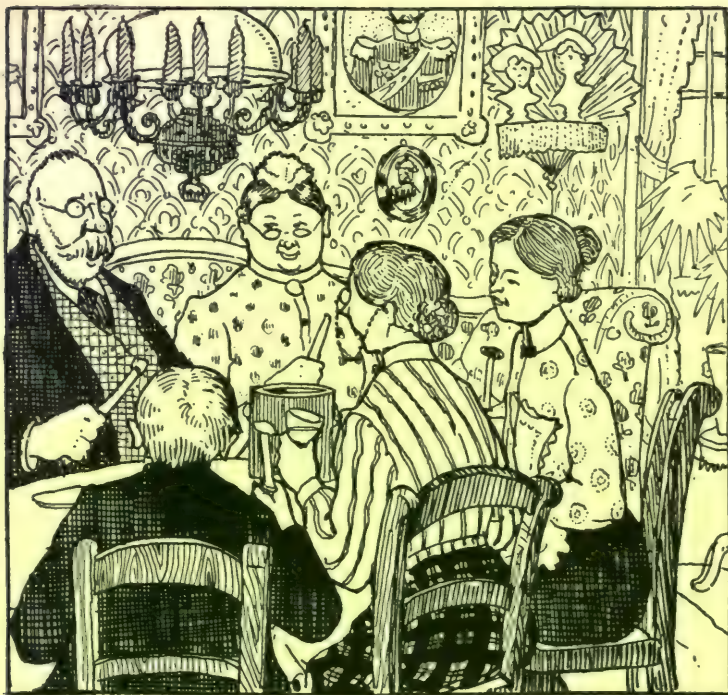
“Delikatessen”
in Alsace.)

There was some white bread, too, and a bottle

of wine stood on the table! When I said that they

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really ought not to incur expenses on my account, Uncle Max said that in Alsace they had wine and white bread every day, that he even had a real wine-cellar with five whole bottles in it, and, furthermore, that the Alsatians had whole casks full of wine in their cellars !



So we began to talk about the Alsatians, and I told the story of the sparrows who are supposed to starve during the harvest in East Prussia, and I asked what it meant. Then Uncle Max got into an awful rage, and said that it was an insult, that the Government allowed these French-heads their



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own way far too much, that these people were growing more insolent every day, and that he had about enough of these Alsatian jokes, and that he would go to the Bürgerbräu at once and write to the *Strassburger Post*, asking how much longer the Germans were to allow themselves to be abused in this way! Then he got up and went out, slamming the door. I was very much upset, of course, and apologised for having made Uncle so angry. But Auntie said that it didn't matter, that he always behaved like that when he wanted to get off to the Bürgerbräu; that when anything annoys him he writes to the *Strassburger Post*, signing himself "An Old Alsatian," and then everything is all right once more. Thereupon Auntie went to bed; but Hulda and I had a frightful lot to tell each other. Hulda told me something very interesting: namely, that she has become secretly engaged to an Upper-Post-Office-Assistant. But I am too tired to write it all down to-day.

MULHOUSE, December the 23rd.

HULDA woke me up early to-day, kissed me, and said that it had been freezing during the night, and that we might soon be able to skate, and then she would tell her Otto to bring his friend along with him. We drank some coffee, and then went for a walk and saw the sights of Mulhouse.

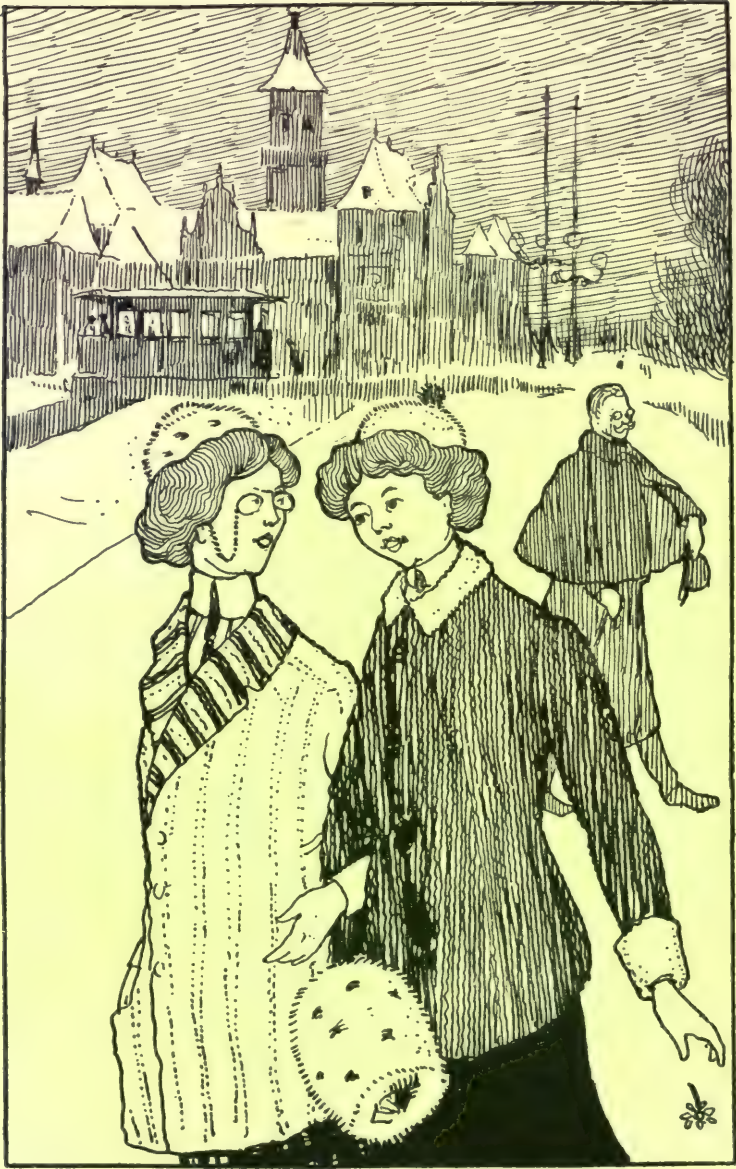
Mulhouse is a fine town, with clean streets; but Hulda told me that it hadn't always been like this, and that before 1870 the refuse used to lie three feet deep in the streets. The main street bears an extraordinary name: it is not called the Kaiser's Street, as in all other towns, but the "Wild Man's Street." In that street there are wonderful fashion shops, and Hulda told me that everything in them was made according to the Paris "Fassong." The Alsatian women in Mulhouse are all dressed in the latest Paris Fassong, and it has even happened that an Alsatian woman travelled all the way to Paris just to have some buttons sewn on to her blouse. Then we came to a public square, where the Town Hall stands, but it is very old, and it hasn't even got a tower. Hulda then said that I absolutely must see the Post Office, which was the

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most beautiful building in Mulhouse. So we walked up the so-called Wild Man's Street once more, then along the Italian arches, and arrived at a square lake, which in summer must look very romantic, with swans swimming in it. The Post Office is by the side of that lake. It is, indeed, a fine building, with a stately tower; but I guessed at once why Hulda had been so keen to take me there. It was just half-past twelve, and a gentleman came out and passed by us with a very deep bow. Hulda blushed, and dropped a daisy which she had brought from home; when we had passed him, she told me to look round, and I saw him pick up the daisy and kiss it. This was Otto, Hulda's secret fiancé. A very handsome man, yet he does not quite answer my ideal. He wears eye-glasses, and I prefer men with spectacles. Then he has a grey hat, and I am ever so fond of green-tweed hats adorned with a mountain-goat's beard, they look so manly!

Then we walked back home. At lunch we again had wine and white bread, and an Alsatian dish—goose-liver in a pot labelled "Michel, Pastry and Meat-Pie Specialties." The fat that lies on the top tastes heavenly, and the liver itself is quite good, but there are some black things in it that you cannot eat.

Uncle had recovered his good temper, and he said that in the evening he would take us to the Christmas Concert at the "Münchner Kindl." In the afternoon I helped Auntie to make Christmas



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sweets, and Hulda and I began to decorate the Christmas tree. Hulda never stopped talking about her Otto, saying what a handsome man he was, and a sergeant-major in the Reserve, too. Then she told me that Otto has a friend who is an Upper-Teacher in the "Gymnasium" and a Reserve lieutenant, and that she was going to write to Otto to come to the Münchner Kindl to-night and to bring his friend with him. She did write him a little letter at once, and told Auntie that we hadn't enough tinsel-snow for the Christmas tree and that she was just going out a moment to get some, and so she posted the letter. At seven o'clock Uncle Max came in; he was in his best mood, because he had had his evening pint at the Bürgerbräu. We quickly drank some coffee (for Uncle had already eaten a pork-chop-with-cabbage when he had his evening pint), and then we all went to the Münchner Kindl, where the military band was giving a Christmas Concert. Only little Karl had to stay at home and gild walnuts for the Christmas tree, because he had not had good marks at school.

When we arrived at the Münchner Kindl, there were a lot of people in the room already, and in the middle of it stood a wonderful, big Christmas tree. It was very cheery, and the military band played a lively march. We sat at a table close to the band, and, as I looked round, I saw at the next table the young Alsatian who had travelled with me to Mulhouse; there were some other natives with him, and they drank their beer out of tiny little glasses,

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smoking cigarettes and talking French. But the French that is spoken by the Alsatians is not correct French at all: I was always first in French at school, and yet I couldn't understand one word of what they said. In the first place, they don't properly sound the H aspirate; in the second place, and among other things, they cannot pronounce the endings in "in" and "on" as one should. Now, in Plötz's French Grammar, Lesson 28, it is expressly stated that one must pronounce "La Mäsong" for The House, and "Lö Matäng" for The Morning; but the Alsatians pronounce these words quite differently. That is why the best teachers of French are now brought from Königsberg to Alsace. Otherwise the natives seem to be a very nice lot of people, and the one who had been my fellow-traveller kept smiling at me and drinking my health on the sly. I smiled back at him; then Hulda noticed it, and said that I had better drop it, for nothing can come of a love-affair with an Alsatian, since they never will marry us. After that I didn't look at him any more.

The band played "The Postilion in the Wood," and did it beautifully. Two gentlemen then came in, and introduced themselves to us. One of them was Hulda's Otto, and the other was the Upper-Teacher, Dr. Erich Kugelberg. They asked us whether "we allowed," and then we "allowed," and so they sat at our table—Otto between Hulda and Auntie, and the Upper-Teacher next to me. The Upper-Teacher wears gold-rimmed spectacles,

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has a fine blonde moustache, and a very sweet voice; I liked him at once very much. Eight times at least, whenever more beer was brought to him, he drank "the head" of it to my health. He asked me how I liked Mulhouse. I said that I liked it very much. Then he said that the place was all right, but that he would much rather spend Christmas Eve at his own home, in Upper Silesia,



because it is much more beautiful there. Then I asked him where he spent Christmas Eve; then he told me that he was all alone, that he had bought a tiny Christmas tree for himself, and that he would light it up to-morrow and drink a bottle of Moselle wine. Then I thought at once that he was a man with a poetic soul, and he became quite sympathetic to me.

Suddenly the big Christmas-tree in the room

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was all lit up with electric light, and the band struck up the "Christmas Potpourri." Then the Upper-Teacher drew closer to me. The "Christmas Potpourri" is a charming piece of music, which is explained on the back of the programme. At first bugles sound a retreat, then comes the Choral, and then you hear the night-watchman and Knecht Rupprecht. Then came the "Falling Snow," when the violins play as in the Prelude of *Lohengrin*. Above the orchestra there hung from the ceiling a cardboard tray laden with little bits of paper: one of the musicians pulled the string, and the bits of paper began to flutter down like real snow. It was a wonderfully impressive sight. Then the music played the hymn, "Silent night, holy night," and the true spell of Christmas was over us all. I sang the tune softly, and the Upper-Teacher too; all of a sudden, he stealthily grasped my hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. Then I knew that I loved him very much, and was very happy.

It was really all very delightful now. The natives were shouting "Sambremöss"¹—which is their war-cry, and they always shout it when a musical piece is to their liking. Otto ordered some more beer, and the Upper-Teacher and I ate a portion of goose giblets with macaroni—then I saw also that he is a well-bred man, for he only eats the macaroni with the point of his knife.

At midnight we went away. Outside it was very

¹ "Sambre-et-Meuse," the title of a great French marching song.—TRANSLATOR.

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cold, and the gentlemen asked if we were going to skate to-morrow. Hulda said yes, that we would be out on the ice by three o'clock. Then we parted, and Dr. Kugelberg kissed my hand. I was very happy, and when I got home I kissed Hulda too. I am going to sleep a heavenly sleep! I wish it was already three o'clock to-morrow—



MULHOUSE, December the 24th.

TO-DAY I got up early, but Hulda was up already and had been working on the Christmas presents which she is making for her Otto. One is a magnificent monogram, twelve inches high, embroidered in yellow silk on black satin, for him to sew inside his overcoat; the other is a moustache-binder with this motto embroidered in relief-stitch: "Wait and hope." Meanwhile, I sent picture postcards to Mother, to the Kalepkes and to the Langankes. At ten Hulda had finished, and so we went out for a walk on a very high mountain, called the "Rebberg," or Vineyard Mountain—but I had imagined that vineyards were ever so different! Dr. Kugelberg told me yesterday that Mulhouse formerly used to belong to Switzerland, so this mountain must have been a glacier once, for it is even steeper than our Schlossberg at home; it is so steep, indeed, that for a long time you ran the risk of being killed whenever you went up in the electric tramway. At the top are the Zoological Gardens; they are very beautiful, and the bears there have a house like that of our "Landrat" at home.

At half-past twelve we were down in the town

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again, and we went by the Post Office. Then Otto came along, but alas! he was alone. He again made a deep bow, and Hulda blushed again. Then we went home. We ate our lunch very quickly, but Auntie was going to prepare a fine supper, with four courses, for the evening. Then I told her that Dr. Kugelberg had to spend Christmas Eve all alone; and Auntie said that if she met him she would invite him! I was very happy then, and I kissed dear Auntie. Hulda wanted to have Otto invited too, but Uncle said that he must first pass his Post Office examination.

At half-past two we went out on the ice with Karlchen. I had dressed very finely: I had my white fur toque in imitation ermine, and the dress that was given me for Christmas three years ago. It is a beautiful piece of work, of rich green velvet, edged with white fur, real rabbit. The skating rink in Mulhouse is just a meadow, off the Yellow-Finger Street; they flood it at night, and then it gets frozen all over. There were also a lot of Alsatian women there, all in town costumes, with frightfully chic hats and silk jupons (pronounce *Schüpongs*); but they did not skate well. First we skated three together with little Karl; then we rested. Suddenly Karlchen shouted: "There comes old Kugelberg," and he bolted; he just happens to have him for his Latin teacher at school. Otto was with him, and they asked us how we had been since yesterday. Then we began by skating all four together. Then Hulda said that it didn't

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do that way, so she went off skating with Otto, and I with Dr. Kugelberg. He looked very elegant, with a tight-fitting green coat which showed off to advantage the handsome, manly shape of his body, and a hat of the sort I love. He skates very



well, only he has got to be careful, because he is rather short-sighted. It is, indeed, a heavenly feeling to glide over the ice with one's beloved man ! He is very well educated, and told me lots of things about German History, and about Pedagogy, and said that he was so happy since he had made my acquaintance yesterday at the Münchner. He





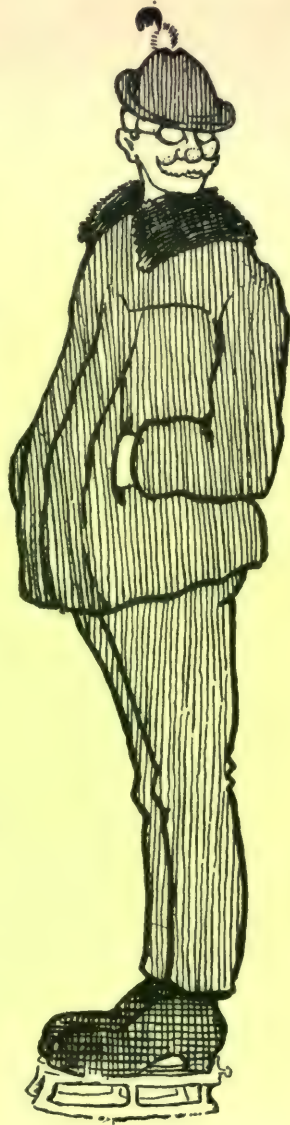
TO THE FRONTIER PROVINCES

thought my dress very beautiful, and I, too, was very happy.

At six o'clock, Auntie came along; we went to meet her, and Erich very amiably inquired from her, too, how she had been since yesterday. Then she invited him to supper. He thanked her with a deep bow, and, as he very tenderly kissed my hand when we parted, I knew that He would come.

Then we hurried back home, as Hulda and I still had to lay out the presents under the Christmas-tree before Uncle Max came in. Auntie went to the kitchen, because, she said, she wanted to give us a surprise at supper.

At seven, some one rang the bell, and my heart began to beat fast—but unfortunately it was only Uncle. He was hungry, and so we had to sit down to supper at once. Auntie had made an exquisite beer-soup, but I couldn't enjoy it. Then all of a sudden the bell rang again, and presently the handsome,



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powerful frame of Dr. Kugelberg stood at the door. Everybody was very glad, myself most of all, and even little Karl was glad, because he thought that now he would be moved up more quickly at school. Dr. Kugelberg was placed next to me, and he, too, found that the beer-soup was first-rate.¹ Auntie then went to the kitchen and came back with—who would believe it?—a splendid dishful of oysters! We were all delighted, and Dr. Kugelberg said that he hoped it was not because of him that we were eating such luxuries! Then Aunt Lotte smiled, and said that it was no luxury, for she had made the oysters herself, and she gave us the recipe. This recipe is so excellent that I must write it down at once. First, you make some brine, by dissolving half a pound of salt in a quart of water. Then take some empty oyster-shells—you can get them cheap from any first-class *Restaurang*—and pour eight to ten drops of brine in each shell. Then take some herring roe (out of soused herrings of the “*Bismarck*” brand, extra quality), and carefully cut it up with a pair of scissors into round pieces, about the size of a florin, in the shape of oysters, and place one piece in each shell. Pour a few more drops of brine (see above), and a little

¹ To make a truly tasty beer-soup, take one quart of dark beer, one pint of milk, one pint of whipped cream, and mix them together. Add a little bacon cut up fine and slowly cooked, a handful of raisins and chopped almonds (a few sardines in oil can be substituted for the almonds). Let the whole cook for an hour or so, and before serving add a little Maggi sauce.—E. K.

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lemon juice, or, better still, lemon extract, add a little Maggi sauce, and the oysters are ready to serve. We all congratulated Auntie on her invention, and enjoyed it tremendously.

Dr. Kugelberg called it "a culinary masterpiece," and told us that during his last training period (he is, as I said, a Reserve lieutenant), he was in the same quarters with cavalry officers, and that they had oysters brought in, and that he managed to get two; but they hadn't tasted half so good as Auntie's oysters. Erich showed himself charming in every way. He accepted a second helping of every course, and he found everything excellent, the beer-soup, the oysters, the goose giblets with apple sauce, and the glorious salad which Auntie had made with what was left of the herrings. For dessert I had provided a big heart of Königsberg Marzipan. Then Auntie and Hulda disappeared, to light up the Christmas-tree. Suddenly the "Salong" door was opened, and lo! the Christmas-tree shone resplendent before our eyes. We walked in, and sang first "O Tannenbaum," in which Erich displayed his fine bass voice wonderfully. After the fourth verse came the distribution of presents. All the gifts which I had brought from Königsberg were laid out under the glittering tree, and all were joyfully received. But Erich was the most delighted of all when I took from the Christmas table the little packet which contained the wooden cigar-case with chip carving and poker-work. Deeply blushing, I offered



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him this little present which came from the heart, and it was the happiest hour of my life. But it all went so fast that I must now look for the suitable words to describe these unforgettable, blessed moments—

As he thanked me for my little present, Erich took my hand in his. Then I was overcome by a feeling of inexpressible bliss, and, quite involuntarily, as if driven by a sweet, irresistible force, I buried my face on his beautiful, manly breast, while my lips whispered a quivering, tender “Forever thine.”— Two German hearts had found each other for evermore— — —

Dumb with joy, Erich hugged me to his breast; slowly the Christmas-tree was revolving—it had been planted in a Patent-Christmas-Tree-Clockwork-Stand—while a musical-box, cunningly hidden inside the stand, played an inspiring, true German Christmas *lied*—

Aunt Lotte took Mamma’s place and gave us her blessing. My happiness cannot be described; the most beautiful thing of which a German maiden can dream had now befallen me: I am engaged—engaged under the Christmas-Tree!

POSTSCRIPT

Here my Diary stops. I am too happy to carry it on, for now I have my own Erich, to whom I can confide all my virginal thoughts. To-morrow I leave Mulhouse, but I will soon come back, obeying the dictates of my longing heart, and, with the help of the beloved man, we will do everything in our power in order that in later years the number of the champions of our noble cause, Germanism, should not decrease in our Alsatian Lands.

ELSA KNATSCHKE.

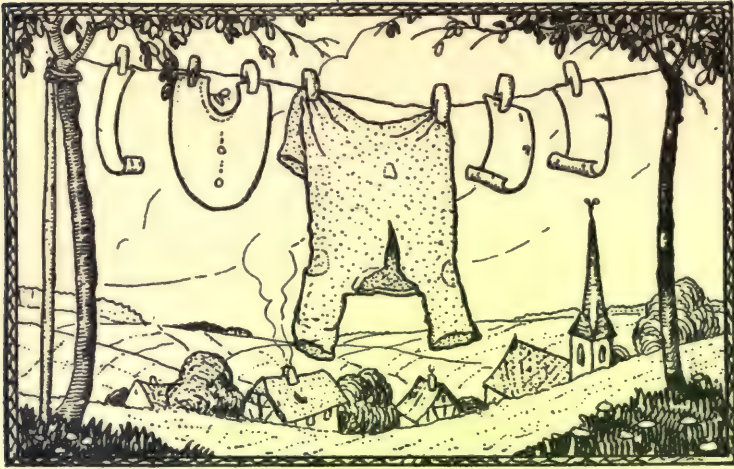


*HELLMUTH KALEPKE, A
GREAT ALSATIAN NOVEL,
WRITTEN AGAINST MONSIEUR
BARRÄS'S "KOLETT BODOSCH,"
BY ELSA KNATSCHKE*

FOREWORD

I HAVE had about enough of always perusing Alsatian-French novels, in which the Old-German heroes are jilted by Alsatian girls (see the novels of Barräs, Bazäng, etc.). So, encouraged by the success of my *Diary*, I have resolved to write, in the style of the well-known novels *Hohentann* and *The Golden Bridge*, an Alsatian novel, in which the Old-German hero conquers the heart of an Alsatian girl—the daughter of a very rich man, and the owner of a motor-car—and ends by marrying her.

THE AUTHORESS.



HELLMUTH KALEPKE'S WASHING

IT was a beautiful morning in the Month of Mists. As the wedding-veil enwraps the fair maiden, so the light autumnal haze enshrouded Old-Germany's youthful bride, Beautiful Alsace. Theological-Candidate Hellmuth Kalepke, one of the smartest members of the students' association the *Schwowenia*, had just got off the train at Barrheim station. With his well-packed *Rucksack* on his back, a cock's feather jauntily stuck on his little green hat, he walked, humming a German *lied*, through the little Vosgian town all astir with the vintage labours, towards the parish of Tannenwalde. The natives stood on their door-steps. Their looks betrayed the unmistakable distinctive marks of the Germanic Race: the women slender and beautiful, with firm, round busts; the men, tall and strong. The latter had put on the aprons they wear to work in their cellars, and, in the

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typical, slovenly Alsatian way, kept their hands stuck in their pockets. To the jolly, true-German "Grüssgott" or "N'mojen" with which the young traveller greeted them,¹ they answered with a surly "Bonschur." At any other time, Hellmuth would have been angry to hear these Welsch syllables sounding here, in this country which is German to the core and to the roots. But to-day he was firmly resolved not to allow his rosy mood to be upset by these Welsch discords. For it was only yesterday that he had passed his Curate-Examination with the qualification "Very Good," and at the same time the dearest wish of his heart had been fulfilled: namely, to become the curate of the celebrated and learned Pastor Spieser in Tannenwalde. Our young hero looked up with great veneration to this Pastor Spieser, whose acquaintance he had made at a Pan-German Congress, and who stood, the only German Alsatian, in the midst of the horde of welschifying Welschlings of Alsace. But Hellmuth had some other reasons to feel happy. Besides the ten-mark piece which his sisters had managed to save by making their own "Reform" dresses themselves and which they had sent him from Gumbinnen, he had on the day before

¹ "Grüssgott," a familiar greeting, as sweet in sound as pious in meaning, equivalent to "God be wi' ye," or "God b'ye," or "Good-bye."

"N'mojen" is North German for "Guten Morgen" = good morning. See on this subject my father's important and valuable work on *Forms of Greeting in the Indo-Germanic Languages*. Leipzig, 1897.—E. K.

received a money-order from the *Patriotic Rhine Gazette* for the sum of eight mark 75, in payment of his last twenty-five "Letters from a Private in the Foreign Legion," and of some articles signed "An Old Alsatian," in which he demonstrated that the Alsations were not ripe for self-government. Hellmuth was very proud to be, in this true-German sheet, one of the fearful antagonists of the Welschlings.

For his three-months' stay in Tannenwalde, Hellmuth had packed his rucksack tight with all his most valuable belongings: a grey flannel shirt, two celluloid collars, two "Mangschetten" or cuffs (for a sweet foreboding had come to him, while he packed, that he might, perhaps, use these cuffs on some solemn occasion—his engagement, who knows?); furthermore, a book of sermons, the Year-Book of the Pan-German League, and the indispensable Collection of German *Lieder*.

Hellmuth had already spent two weeks in Strasburg, and these had sufficed to enable him to fathom the tremendous danger with which Germanism is threatened through the steadily engulfing quicksands of Welschification. He had had to recognise that the Alsatian students always drew apart from him and his German comrades, that they kept together in their clubs, which they called *Cercles*, and that they constantly made fun of the "Burschenschaften" or corporations of the German students. Hellmuth's clear glance, more penetrating still through his spectacles, had quickly



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perceived the increasing peril arising for Old Germany from the gradual Welschification of this people of pure German stock, and he had firmly resolved to put his countrymen on their guard.

Meanwhile, having come out of the little town, he had taken the path which led up the mountain. From the summits, the highly romantic ruins of castles greeted him; right and left, the path was bounded by low walls, above which grew some unknown plants which covered the whole countryside. It was a kind of creeper, which, although it looked like some wild vegetation, was carefully tied up against long stakes with bits of osier. The twigs were knotty, the deeply-indented leaves were of a wonderful reddish-green colour, and—what was it that shone like precious stones among the leaves? Large berries, the size of hazel-nuts, deep-purple, or golden and transparent, growing in bunches on each little stem—Hellmuth came nearer, picked one of these berries and put it in his mouth. They were grapes! Yes, real, sweet wine-grapes, which hitherto he had only seen on the coloured wall-pictures at school, and which he thought grew only on the banks of the Rhine, the German Rhine. His joy now knew no bounds. How astonished his parents and his sisters would be at home, in Northern Germany! What round eyes they would make when they heard that their son, their brother, had been in a real vineyard! He walked into the vineyard, where the fruit hung on every side, and ate and ate—he thought he could

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never stop. When he came out, with his hands full, how he thanked God that the heroes of Germany had reconquered this blessed land with blood and iron, and that it was granted to him also to receive his little share of these spoils of victory! Yet his joy was clouded with a veil of sadness when he came to think that Burgundy, Franche-Comté, Lorraine, Artois and West-Flanders, Belfort, Nancy, Verdun, Toul, Lille, and Dunkirk were still groaning under the Welsch yoke.



Still enjoying the delicious grapes, Hellmuth walked out of the vineyard, when suddenly an Alsatian, wearing a blue smock and a military-looking cap—presumably a field-policeman—hailed the young Candidate-to-the-

Pastoral-Ministry with a volley of low abuse in Alsatian patois, threatening him with his stick. Filled with righteous anger, Hellmuth quickened

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his pace. So things had been brought to such a pass, by the unrestrained attacks of the Wetterlés and others of his stamp against everything German, that a kind, harmless young German could not even take a small portion of the war booty without being insulted by these declared Papists, these confounded hateful hooligans !

Proceeding on his way, Hellmuth came to the forest, a stately German forest of firs ; he greeted it with a jolly Wanderlied, page 10 of his Book of Songs. He noticed then how immensely rich this blessed country was, for even the fir-trees, which in Gumbinnen never bear any fruit, except the Christmas-trees, bore in Alsace a quantity of long, green cones. These, indeed, as Hellmuth found by tasting them, were still hard, unripe, and—in this season at least—not yet edible. The road through the forest was magnificent. When the young Pastoral-Candidate had finished the last stanza of his *lied*, he put the book back in his pocket, and settled in his mind's eye the main outlines of a long article which he intended to write for a Pan-Germanic newspaper. He wanted to address a warm, an impassioned appeal to the studious youth of Alsace. In frank, courageous German words he would clearly show to the reconquered brothers of the Alsatian wine-lands how low their civilisation had sunk through the unfortunate bi-lingual system. He would eloquently expound to them the beauty of the customs and ideals of German students, the elevating

influence of those meetings called *Kommers*, happily mixing enthusiasm with drunkenness, of the wearing of coloured sashes and corporation fobs, the jollity of the morning, noon, and evening beer-guzzling, the value of the various kinds of students' duels—all this would be revealed to the Alsatians by his descriptions. The stiff gait of the *Korps*-students, the rollicking, pious pastimes of the younger men, all the splendours of the German student life would be unrolled in his enthusiastic pages. If, however, as the consequence of such articles, the Alsatian students did not at once dissolve their *Cercles* and *Associations*, if they did not forthwith invest in coloured caps and sashes, and would not sing German *Kommers*-songs, then obviously there was nothing to gain by kindness with such fellows. Only one means would remain to induce the reconquered brothers to grow and develop in the German manners and the German way—and that was the Iron Hand.

Thus, deeply engrossed in his own thoughts, still eating the grapes which he had brought away, the young pioneer of German in the Western Provinces suddenly heard behind him the snorts and puffs of a motor-car. Looking round, he saw—and scarcely had time to jump aside—a splendid, dazzling automobile shooting past him. In front the *Schofför* sat, in a grey livery; in the body of the car there were two gentlemen, the older and stouter one looking like a Mulhouse *Schlotbaron*,¹

¹ A factory-chimney lord.

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the younger with a black moustache, looking weary and worn with fast living. Facing them sat a young lady—a wonderful creature, with blonde hair, and clear, laughing eyes, into which Hellmuth's eyes plunged with a pure spiritual ecstasy. The car was already gone, leaving behind a strong, pungent perfume or odour which drove one to



the conclusion that these travellers were Alsations (for it is well known that the Alsatian ladies love to use strong scents : see on this subject that fine German novel, *The Golden Bridge*). In spite of the vertiginous speed with which the automobile was driven, Hellmuth had been able to see the beautiful fair maiden stand up in the car and look at him, as long as she could see him, waving her

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hand and smiling a smile that lit her face like the evening glow.

Who could describe the sweet, blissful feeling experienced by our young Pastoral-Candidate when he noticed that the beautiful Alsatian Motor-Car-Owner gave him such open tokens of her inclination? Far away were all thoughts about the ungratefulness and the Culture-Swindle of the Alsations; his good, manly German heart was beating hard in his breast! A gentle, voluptuous radiance stole over his features—there floated constantly before his spectacles the lovely image, the laughing, heavenly eyes of this young, well-born Alsatian girl. Joyfully he went on his way; the forest appeared to him more beautiful than ever before, the birds sang more wonderfully than ever, and the fir-cones looked twice the size he had admired.

Hellmuth arrived at a cottage in the forest which served as a wayside inn. The motor-car stood in front of it, and the chauffeur was busy pumping air into the tyres. At a little table, in the garden that stretched in front of the house, sat the lovely Alsatian maiden with her two companions, and the sunshine lit up her blonde hair.

Hellmuth saw in this meeting the pointing finger of Providence. Walking into the little garden, he sat at a little table whence his eyes might feast on the beautiful form of the Alsatian girl. She blushed deeply when she saw the slender son of the North walk in. Meanwhile, the hostess had come, bringing a dish of trout to the three travellers.

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The older gentleman drank wine, the Fräulein took soda-water, and the younger gentleman, towards whom the young German already felt some antipathy, had some absinthe and smoked cigarettes; the three of them talked in French. Hellmuth ordered a pound of plums, a bottle of beer, and some picture postcards. But to-day he somehow couldn't enjoy his favourite fruit; he couldn't take his eyes away from this proud daughter of the noble Alsatian middle-class. He sent her a silent, true German greeting with his glass of beer, and felt that, as they so elegantly express it in the serial story of the *Metzer Zeitung*, "the tender rootlets of his youthful love were sinking ever deeper in the field of his heart, which had so long been lying fallow——" Who might this beautiful girl be?

But who was this coming down the road?

It was the tall figure, reminiscent of the early Germans, of the celebrated Pastor Spieser, who had come to meet his new curate. After the dull sounds of the Welsch talk which rose from the other table, the truly German greeting which Spieser addressed to his young confrère did his heart good. But then the Pastor noticed the company seated at the other table—and his eyes blazed with fury. Hellmuth asked him in a low voice who these people might be. "They are Culture-Swindlers," cried Spieser, with genuine German frankness; "Civilisation-Swindlers, hateful Papists, and welschifying Welsches. That is a factory-

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lord from Mulhouse, crazy about everything French, with his daughter and her fiancé, a French captain, whom the good-natured German Michael allows to sojourn in this land, for him to welschify and corrupt the purely Germanic blood of this race ! ” This was a dagger-thrust in Hellmuth’s heart— Engaged ! She was engaged to this man, whose lascivious glances rested on the beautiful maiden, this man whose short, sturdy figure, dirty brown complexion and weary features betrayed the brand of Cain impressed on the Latin race.

Profoundly distressed, he walked away with his friend : how could that beautiful German scion ever flourish when grafted on that dry Welsch stem ?

Hellmuth walked in silence, unable to detach his thoughts from his shattered dream of bliss. Pastor Spieser was discoursing all the time, for he was frightfully learned ; he knew Greek and Latin, Sanscrit, Chinese, Hottentot, and Hebrew, and furthermore was able to demonstrate that all these languages are derived from Primitive German. The French tongue alone he had never been able to learn, and, therefore, he had conceived a profound hatred against that language, which, he said, is immoral in itself. He went so far as to expound to the astonished Hellmuth the etymology of the verb “ reculer ” (to recoil), showing him what an indecent, nay, immoral Indo-Germanic word is the root of that verb, which even the so-called refined French ladies use without any feeling of shame.

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Coming out of the forest, they were now near the parish of Tannenwalde. Then all of a sudden they once more heard the snorts of the motor-car and the toot of the horn, and the dazzling automobile had already passed the two Germans, leaving in its wake a cloud of dust, a penetrating odour of scent and petrol mixed, and a deep pain in Hellmuth's heart. Spieser improved the occasion by cursing the Welschlings, and expressing his hope that the Government would at last muster courage to prick those foul abscesses called *Cercles*, in which the Alsatian students cultivate the French language, French manners, and the sinful life of the Parisian *Bohème*.

They greeted from afar the first houses of Tannenwalde and the stately parsonage. In the street they saw a small gathering of people around the Welsch car. Hellmuth quickened his steps, leaving Pastor Spieser behind, for he felt a sweet presentiment that Providence had now granted him an opportunity to make a closer acquaintance with the daughter of the Alsatian patrician. As a matter of fact, a tyre had been punctured; the *Schlotbaron* and the French captain stood by the car, smoking cigarettes, the fair young beauty had remained seated, dreaming, on the well-upholstered cushions, while the *Schofför* was plying the air-pump. With a quick resolve, Hellmuth planted himself in front of the chauffeur and asked if he might give any help. The title of Candidate-to-the-Pastoral-Ministry, however, which Hellmuth had given

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after his name, did not seem greatly to impress this uneducated Alsatian. He just threw a dry, welsch-sounding "Salü" at the obliging young man, and handed him a large tyre, which Hellmuth seized eagerly and held somewhat clumsily, yet as well as his stormily-beating heart would allow him. He was so inexpressibly happy to feel himself near the beloved being! Now he saw for the first time how beautiful the rich Alsatian girl was, even though her dress aped the mad fashions of Paris. Our hero smiled at her, summoned up his courage, and, introducing himself once more, asked whether he would be allowed some day to wait on the gracious Fräulein. When the two cigarette-smokers saw that the German youth in the green tweed suit was addressing the young lady, they came nearer. "*Qu'est-ce qu'il veut, celui-là?*" (What does the fellow want?), roughly inquired the Herr Papa. "*C'est le nouveau vicaire de Tannenwalde, qui demande la permission de nous faire une visite*" (That is the new curate of Tannenwalde, asking to be allowed to call on us), the pretty Alsatian smilingly replied, although, alas! in the French tongue. "*Moi, je m'en fiche*" (I don't care a damn whether he does or not), the Schlotbaron retorted shortly, and Hellmuth, blushing, thanked him with a deep bow for this friendly invitation. The tyre was now mended. The *Schofför* took the old tyre from the hands of the amiable Pastoral-Candidate, just as Pastor Spieser was arriving on the scene. Grumbling and talking about a "lack of patriotic

feelings," the Pastor led his substitute away; but Hellmuth let him talk, for pœans of jubilation were ringing in his heart, as if ten thousand angels were playing a concert.

They reached the stately parsonage, and Hellmuth felt that he was now hungry for his coffee; and behold! the Pastor's wife had got ready a fine pot of coffee, made of roasted kidney-beans! The daily schedule of his future life was then explained to Hellmuth. It was as follows: 9 a.m., getting up; 9.30 to 10.30, the morning coffee, with slices of cheese, reading the *Strassburger Post* and sundry Pan-German sheets, and political discourses with the Herr Pastor; 10.30 to 11, *History of the Reformation*, bread-and-butter and ham, etc., etc. But what was it that worried the young Pastoral-Candidate? He asked leave for the next day, and retired quite early to his little room. Unpacking his rucksack, he settled himself comfortably; he hung against the wall his student's cap and sash, in the distinctive colours of the *Schwowenia* students' association; he put out his cuffs and a celluloid collar ready for the next morning, and then went to bed.

But somehow he couldn't sleep. He depicted to himself in the rosiest hues to-morrow's visit to the aristocratic villa in Barrheim. He let all sorts of happy possibilities glide before his mind's eye, and he memorised the speeches, the poems which he would recite to the fair Alsatian girl to-morrow, in order to wrench her away from French culture,

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and prove to her that she could only belong to a German husband. The clock struck midnight in the neighbouring church tower, and this brazen voice reminded our hero that he must rest; but the lovely image would not vanish, and sleep refused to come. Hellmuth struck a light, and to his joy discovered a few old numbers of the *Strass-*



burger Post. There he read eight articles in succession on Goethe's sojourn in Sesenheim. But, as he reached the second verse of Christian Schmitt's poem on this subject, he fell fast asleep.

Next morning Hellmuth was the first to be up and stirring in the parsonage. He carefully fixed on his moustache-binder, for he wanted to be particularly attractive that day; then he brushed his green tweed suit, washed his celluloid collar with his tooth-brush, and put on a shirt front and



the cuffs; then he took the moustache-binder off again, and handed the remainder of his under-clothing to the Pastor's wife for the wash. Then,



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grasping his touring stick, he started with a joyful heart, singing German *lieder*, picking flowers and grapes by the way, on the road to Barrheim.

Now this story is going to become so improbable that I may as well proceed a little faster with it. Nobody will believe it, but the main thing is, that in this novel at any rate the young German wins the beautiful Alsatian-girl-who-owned-a-motor-car, just to spite Mauritius Barräs and the whole of his crew.

Hellmuth then arrived, with the bouquet of wild flowers which he himself had picked, at the gilt railings of the patrician villa. He rang, and—O joy! the young Alsatian girl herself came and opened the gate! With a quotation from Schiller's "Glocke," he handed to her his fragrant greeting. The Alsatian heiress blushed deeply, and invited him to accompany her into the garden and to pick strawberries with her.¹

She showed him over the lordly villa, the wine-cellar filled with a large number of barrels of the precious nectar, the garage, the park, and the

¹ Whoever has the slightest acquaintance with Alsatian girls knows that, as a consequence of their laughable upbringing in French boarding-schools, they are frightfully prudish—see on this subject, and on the bodily uncleanness which reigns in those schools, an uncommonly substantial article in Dr. Ruland's pamphlet—and that they would never dream of such an invitation to pick strawberries. But the author of the novel entitled *La France dort* has allowed himself to indulge in some far more unlikely particulars, and, besides, I couldn't think of any other way to bring these two together.—E. K.

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vegetable garden. Here they sat down. Hellmuth delivered to her a long discourse, well divided into several chapters, profoundly thought out, coming



from the heart and appealing to the heart, concerning Alsace and Germany, and he wound up with these admirable lines of the Pan-German Theological-Superintendent Heckenschlosser—

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“ Germany shall bring thee thy salvation,
Mountain forests are the Germans’ home,
Hearts are valiant in the German nation—
Thence shall thy Redeemer come;
From the jaws of France’s dragon,
As he smites it to the ground
With its blue-white-scarlet flag on,
He shall lift thee, safe and sound.”

As he spoke the last of these magnificent lines, she fell on his neck, told him of her long-concealed love, which had begun the day before, and vowed that henceforth she would wear green tweed dresses only, and read nothing but the *Strassburger Post*.

Hellmuth was overwhelmed with joy. His fiancée took him to the villa, and told her father, the Schlotbaron, of her resolve to marry a German husband. The wealthy Alsatian, indeed, resisted for a while, but Hellmuth repeated to him with glowing words the discourse which he had just delivered in the vegetable garden, and concluded by quoting that splendid poem which the great Lienhardt composed for the benefit of the Alsations—

“ They smoke the foreign cigarette,
They ape Parisian politeness,
But those dull badgers cannot get
The touch of genuine Gallic brightness.”

Thanks to this fine, eloquent sample of German poetry, the Factory-Baron was likewise speedily won over: he gave his consent, and, unlocking his safe, he showed Hellmuth his daughter’s dowry,

which was piled inside, in the shape of an enormous heap of twenty-franc pieces.¹

Proud as a Prussian nobleman, our Hellmuth returned that evening, a happy man, to Tannenwalde. On the following day, the dazzling motor-car came to fetch him. According to the Alsatian fashion, he was invited by his fiancée to partake of a “pompös” luncheon. As soon as he got to Barrheim, he asked to be driven first to the post office, and, as he stepped off the car, he saw the Welsh captain trudging his way on foot towards the station, casting angry looks at him, and mumbling curses and some talk of *revanche*.

Hellmuth, radiant with joy, went in and sent a long telegram to his people in Gumbinnen. “What a change, through God’s help!” so began his message, and he invited everybody, his parents, his sisters, Erika, Gertrud, Irmgard, and Sieglinde, Uncle Kurt and Aunt Elfriede, to come to Alsace and to take up their residence in his villa, in this blessed land.

As he came out of the post office, a lovely surprise was awaiting him: his bride was coming to meet him, but how neatly she had attired herself in order to please her future bridegroom! An exquisite little green hat adorned her charming head, and in one hand she held an alpenstock, in the other the latest number of the *Strassburger Post*—a

¹ The Alsatians being less endowed with ideal and romantic feelings than we are, all Alsatian girls receive a dowry, which often amounts to several hundred marks.—E. K.

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splendid picture indeed! Blissfully radiant, Hellmuth locked the lovely creature in his arms, and, arm-in-arm, both walked towards the villa, a happy German couple—

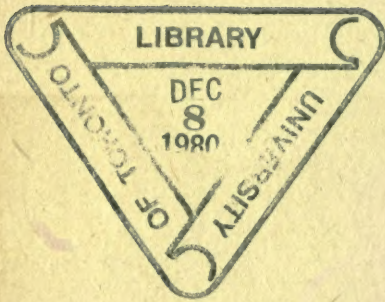
So now let them all come, the Mauritius Barräses, the Renatus Bazängs, and whatever else you call them, with their novels in which the German is always jilted. This time a true Old-German has won an Alsatian girl, and after all that is the main thing.

ELSA KNATSCHKE.



THE END

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,
BRUNSWICK ST., STAMFORD ST., S.E.,
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